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STUDY OF A CHILD





# CRANBORNE MANOR

WRITTEN

BY

MABEL MOORE

ILLUSTRATED

BY

PHOTOGRAPHS

CRANBORNE MANOR

NORTH PORCH



TORED away in this little treasure island of ours are many fair jewels for those who love them sufficiently to search for them; and in possessing them there is no

rivalry, for they are the heritage of the nation, the common possessions of all in the wider sense, and, unlike the carefully garnered store of the individual, they do not involve fretting about the moth and rust which doth corrupt, nor watching for the thieves who break through and steal.

A small, though very perfect gem, is Cranborne Manor, in Dorsetshire, sheltering the soft beauty of its great age in a quiet valley, guarded on the one hand by the tree-crowned rising ground, and shadowed on the other by its ancient church.

In the tenth century it first lifted its stately form to the sunlight, and though it is thought by experts to have now remaining no trace of Saxon architecture, yet it is as truly the same being (if one may use the term) that the world knew when Athelstan lived, as a little child is truly the same being as the subsequent old man, though in the one case not one stone of the original building remains, and in the other not one single physiological particle of the child remains in the frame of the old man.

And so one feels and recognises something of the mystic union which perhaps exists between a masonic structure and a human life. That strange and solitary survival in this prosaic age of the priests of nature and hidden wisdom, whom men call Freemasons, could, if they would, point out to the uninitiated, without serious detriment to their craft, the curious symbolism by which the outward and visible sign of laying one stone upon another, eloquently testifies to the inward and spiritual grace of building up a character. Who knows? Perhaps they would tell us more if only we cared enough to know, and recognised deep down in our hearts the awful responsibility resting on us when once we had tasted of the Tree of Knowledge to know good and evil, and, knowing both, to love only the good.

Surely the lovely Cranborne Manor could only have been reared by the God-fearing craftsmen of the very olden days of England; men who cared, above all things, that the foundations should, according to the mystic ritual, be "well and truly laid." Had it not been so, men of the twentieth century would never have delighted in, never, perhaps, have known of this priceless treasure, this perfect gem of a structure, piled by hands which are dust, and have been dust nearly a thousand years.

But they baptised into it the germ of life, and so it has lived till our day, and who can tell how much longer it will remain?

So perfect has been its preservation that of modern restoration there is none. One can look at it and truly say, "This is the work of other ages, its outward form encloses the spirit of the years that are dead." Nevertheless, it is not entirely the work of one age.

The main building belongs to the eleventh or twelfth century, with windows of Tudor amplitude, added in the reign of Henry VII., to replace the smaller ones of the Saxon and Norman age. The Tudor style largely prevails, and has, like the other periods which have touched it, given colour and expression of their own. Nevertheless, a glance at the illustration of the ancient gateway fills one with a responsive recognition of the great idea of an Anglo-Saxon stronghold. We find an analogy in our national character; we are a mixed race, a race and people which has drawn life from many nations and kindreds, and peoples and tongues,

but we are fundamentally and supremely Anglo-Saxon.

Those who have visited the Tower of London will recollect two spiral staircases cut out of the thickness of the stone, and if they are possessed of any imagination at all they will have carried their mind's eye back to the many quaintly-shod feet which have carried many weary bodies and despairing souls to the accompaniment of clanking chains to their final prison-house.

Well, that feeling comes over you again when you mount or descend, as the case may be, the winding stone stairs, here, too, cut out of the solid thickness of the rock wall, which, in some parts, measures fifty inches. Think of it; a wall built with one thickness of stone measuring nearly a yard and a-half! This stairway may be plainly traced on the outside of the house. In the picture of the "South Porch," it will be seen on the left-hand side, rising out beyond the smoothness of the wall a little, covered with ivy, and reaching to the battlements. It also descends to the dungeons below the basement storey.



CRANBORNE MANOR

ANCIENT GATEWAY INTO THE COURTYARD

The North Entrance was formerly the chief one, and over it are the arms of the first Earl of Salisbury. This, with the mixed ornamentation of Gothic and Italian work became decrepit in the course of time. Probably the colder aspect caused the masonry to suffer here more than elsewhere from disintegration through frost, and a few years back it became necessary to take it carefully to pieces, and to rebuild it stone by stone, finally replacing the richly wrought Salisbury Arms over the porch.

In King John's time Cranborne Chase was the happy hunting ground for the splendid antlered monarch of the glen, and the King used the "Castle" for his Royal Hunting Box. John is known to have stayed here fourteen times, chiefly for the purpose of hunting, also for another purpose which the "preserving" involved.

There is a handsome and spacious hall known as the Great Hall, or Justice Hall, and it was here that King John tried the offenders against the laws of the chase. First they were conducted



CRANBORNE MANOR

SOUTH PORCH

The South Porch, now used as the main entrance, with the Courtyard in front, belongs to the reign of James I., and is decorated with emblematic figures of Justice and Mercy. These porches and the new wing built by Inigo Jones, comprise the "newest" portion of the structure.

It was formerly known as the "Court" or "Castle," and became Royal property by marriage, in the reign of King John, and remained so until the time of James I.

up the spiral staircase from their dungeon to the Justice Hall, and then, after the trial, if proved guilty, thither did they return, followed by the executioner.

The dungeon is now divided into vaulted rooms, and forms part of the Servants' Hall, and the ring-bolts to which the prisoners were attached, are still to be seen.

To return to the Great Hall. It is the largest room in the Manor, and measures thirty-two by twenty-four feet, and is eighteen feet high. This, of

course, is nothing wonderful in the matter of size, but then the whole of Cranborne Manor is in harmonious keeping with all its parts, and it has been mentioned that although a very lovely and flawless gem, it is a comparatively small one.

The walls of the hall are hung with some very fine tapestry, the subjects of which are taken from the life of King David, and along the east end runs the Minstrels' Gallery, where the ladies retired after the banquet, and could hear without being seen.

What would one not give when standing in the Minstrels' Gallery, to have just for one moment their eyes to see, just for one melting space of time, what they saw; to imagine oneself attired in ermine-trimmed garments, with the tall steeple-shaped head-dress, fearfully and wonderfully made, looking down with what emotions? Pride at the magnificence of the long train of knights, esquires, and retainers; curious interest in the stories being told; pleasure in the minstrels' music and the songs; appreciation of the humours of the jokes being cracked; housewifely satisfaction at the justice done to the loaded board, evident from the ever-increasing masses of bones flung over the rush-strewn floors, or last, and most improbable, disgust at the drunkenness prevailing? How, tell us, spirits of departed great dames—how can we see as you saw, think as you thought, feel as you felt? We should like to, just for a little while.

Many royalties of different ages have visited here, and the bedrooms still retain the names of their erstwhile august occupants.

One can imagine the bustle of preparation when the grand ladies left their tapestry frames to set things in order for the monarch's reception, when the news of his or her impending visit was brought, with clattering hoofs and gaily-dressed heralds.

The ubiquitous Bess, it need scarcely be told, visited here, and her saddle still remains hung in the Entrance Hall, as a relic and memento of that enterprising lady's indefatigable energy. In the old garden on the right of the house is Queen Elizabeth's Walk, a velvety

path enclosed in a trimly-clipped yew hedge, a sombre and fine framework for setting off the brave attire of the virgin Queen. As she stood there, perhaps in the twilight, or the moonlight, all glorious with pink satin and pearls and an inimitable hoop, maybe the little shy toads peeped out—there is a large family of toads there—and marvelled at this lovely big new stool which had sprung up so suddenly and so grandly for their benefit. Still with the picture spirit upon us, one goes upstairs and enters, in all reverence, "Queen Elizabeth's Room," so that it is something approaching a shock when the eye insists on first spotting out the aggressive knob of an electric bell, but the modern element of modern comfort is otherwise not aggressive there. While there is none of the chilliness and emptiness of greater halls, there is an unseen, but by no means unnoticed, homely comfortableness everywhere. Perhaps this feeling exists because it has never ceased to be someone's home, and has never, therefore, been allowed to dilapidate in all those minor details which can only come before the notice of those who occupy and use a house.

Charles I. came here, also Prince Maurice before the battle of Newbury, in 1644. There is another bedroom called the Prince's Chamber, and adjoining this a chapel was supposed to exist, and in it is still a small recess, ostensibly a Priest's Hole or Confessional, but more probably a place of refuge and concealment in troubled times. It is said that a subterranean passage extends from this part of the house to the Church, but it is now blocked up.

It is impossible to close this little paper without mentioning the Church, though space does not admit an adequate description, yet it might well justify itself in a paper all to itself. Its life seemed so bound up with that of the manor, that one cannot mentally divorce the one from the other. However, suffice it to mention that it well repays a visit, and not the least interesting of its features are the two, perhaps, latest of its adornments, one modern and the other, to speak paradoxically, is of ex-

tremae age. The first is a most beautiful Rood Screen carved by the present vicar, and which looks to the uninitiated an herculean task of great beauty. The other is the recent discovery of some very old frescoes, rude and quaint to a degree—one of them portraying St. Christopher carrying our Lord over the water. They have been hidden for years by Puritan whitewash, and now they have come to light again, they add to the interest of a very interesting church. They remind one somewhat of an old fresco in St. Nicholas' Church, at the Lazar Hospital of Harbledown, which the old cicerone of the place pointed out as "a likeness of the Wergin Meary."

Sir Robert Cecil, son of Lord Burleigh (1550) and first Lord Cranborne, was the first ancestor of the present Lord Salisbury who possessed Cranborne Manor, and it was he who first advised the Order of Baronets in the reign of James I.

Perhaps it was in return for this excellent piece of advice that King James presented the Manor, together with Cranborne Chase, to the Cecil family, and since then it has remained their undisturbed possession.

The present Viscount and Viscountess Cranborne occupied the Manor for a short time after their marriage; since then it has been inhabited by various tenants, among others, the then Under-Secretary of State for War, Mr. Brodrick, used it during the Autumn Manœuvres of '98, as being conveniently situated near Salisbury Plain.

The chief part of the furniture, and, of course, all the fixtures in the way of carved fireplaces and overmantels, are the property of the Marquis of Salisbury. Some of these are exquisite. In some

of the bedrooms there are wonderful four-posters, with ceilings to them, carved in oak, which is black now—as black, almost, as ebony. These, and the finely-wrought mantelpieces, one is fain to believe, would fill the heart of the South Kensington Museum with an insatiable, undying longing to possess them, to say nothing of the tapestry, whose ample breadths enfold the walls of the great Justice Hall. When one thinks of all that might have happened to the Manor, to destroy its treasures within, to mar its beauty, or even to raze it to the ground; above all, when one recollects the great physical destroyer, fire, so merciless, so ravaging, so complete in its work for good or for evil, one cannot but feel that the old place is worthy of some sort of anthem of thanksgiving for preservation through all the ages it has smiled upon.

To unearth the treasures of our little island home—mother of many things great and good—is a rich delight for the soul of him who has the wish and the opportunity to do so, and one pauses in wonder, sometimes, that so many things will yield joy without giving possession, until it dawns on the mind that he surely is among the richest who has but a common share in the joys and privileges of life.

On him who owns devolves the obligation of repairing and restoring, of sweeping and of garnishing, while to the one who is perforce obliged, and of wisdom is content to own no acres, to covet no man's house, surely he may taste some of the blessedness promised to the meek, who shall inherit the earth for, in the pure, spiritual enjoyment of nature and of history, the whole earth is his if he but choose to possess it.



# THE TUMBRIL.

## A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY ERNEST DE BALZAC.

ILLUSTRATED

BY

E. FAIRHURST

I.



It was a day in the month of July, 1794; a dark, sultry, menacing day, and Paris, mad with the red drink of the Revolution, danced the car-magnole. In a hall in the Conciergerie the five judges of the Revolutionary Tribunal sat at their dreadful work; the hall was packed with a struggling, sweating, jeering, spitting, surging mob—the people. So dark was the day that lighted candles flared and guttered upon the judges' benches and on the dock where the pale aristocrats appeared and disappeared with such ominous rapidity.

The people took it into their heads to sing, and sang accordingly.

The President rang his bell for silence, whereupon the people sang louder, and occasionally yelled. The five judges ceased work, for it was impossible to hear the voice of the Public Prosecutor.

The President removed his feathered hat, and, taking up a document, leisurely fanned himself. This tacit acceptance of the absolute will of the people pleased them hugely, and one woman, gesticulating wildly, screamed even above the howl of the crowd, "Observe the Citizen-president! He removes the heads of the aristocrats as easily as he takes off his hat!" And at this there arose a deep, hoarse roar of

approval, which, swelling forth to the uttermost possibility of human lungs, subsided into laughter and cheers, and finally trailed out into snatches of song, and so into comparative silence.

Then the President reassumed his hat, and work began in earnest.

A pale young man—the sad possessor of some hated title—was now disposed of, to the immense gratification of the mob, who jeered him as he passed with his guards to return to his cell in the prison of La Force.

"Another lover for la guillotine!" shouted a man's voice; and a woman's added, "Let him kiss her, and sneeze into the sack."

"Fifty-one to-day!" cried a third; and then the babel of voices once more rose into a scream and a yell.

A young girl, with jet-black hair and eyes, and with a proud southern face of peculiar beauty, was thrust forward to her place in the dock. Her appearance evidently created some little interest in the crowd, for the uproar ceased, and the President was enabled to commence his examination forthwith.

"Name!" he demanded.

But before the prisoner could reply, a young man, in the rough dress of the people, pushed his way through the crowd and addressed the President.

"I demand the right," he cried, "to conduct the case against this woman!"

"You shall have that right, Gaspard!" roared a voice from the crowd. "Ah! the good Gaspard; the best patriot in

France. Friends, shall he not have leave to speak?"

As a yell of permission answered this appeal, the President wearily signified to the Public Prosecutor that he might retain his seat. He next addressed the young man.

"Your name," he asked.

"Gaspard Cordier," was the reply,

"Your reason for desiring to speak against this woman?"

The young man crossed his arms, and his breathing became fierce and fast.

"She slew my father," he said briefly.

There was a great commotion in the hall, and a surprised murmur. The President rang his bell and found obedience, for the people became silent, intent to hear.

"Speak," said the President.

And this is what the young man said :

"Four years ago, on the morning of the 15th of April, my father, Bernard Cordier, was found dead in his library. He had been murdered. A dagger was thrust deep into his heart through a paper upon which was scrawled, '*This from Gabrella.*' Ask that girl whether her name is not Gabrella; ask her whether she did not slay my father; ask her

whether that ring upon her hand, whereby I identified her, is not the ring my father wore!"

"Ask me no questions!" said the young woman, flushing hotly. "I will answer none. I will tell you what I please; for the rest, leave me alone. My name is Gabrella. I killed a man—my enemy—in the way this fellow describes. The ring I wear I took from the dead man's hand that I might ever be reminded I had slain him."

"You are not French?" questioned the President.

"That I will answer" (with a setting of the shoulders and a toss of the head);

"No, I am of Spain!"

"Ah, the accursed Spanish murderer!" yelled a voice from the crowd. "She dared to kill a true patriot's father! To the guillotine with her!"

These cries were loudly taken up, and the people, easily frenzied, swept down from the benches, and, waving their various weapons in the air, made for the dock where the prisoner was standing. Had not the guard shewn a determined front, the people would have backed the girl to pieces. She, for her part, showed neither rage nor fear,



"MY FATHER . . .  
WAS FOUND DEAD IN  
HIS LIBRARY . . . A  
DAGGER WAS THRUST  
DEEP INTO HIS HEART  
THROUGH A PAPER "

rather contempt, for she dragged a bunch of red roses from her black hair, and rending them, cast the leaves in the faces of the terrible monsters surging around her.

Instead of this act goading them to madness, the people hugely enjoyed the devilry of it, and seeing a spirit in the prisoner akin to their own, fell to laughing madly, and a few to hysterical weeping, and then one and all burst into singing, and swept round and round the hall, a dense crowd of red caps and rags dancing the carmagnole. So strange and so violent were the waves of emotion at that period!

Throughout this scene the young man had stood with his arms folded and with his black eyes fixed upon the girl.

The people danced on until they were tired. Then a woman's voice panted out, "Let the Spaniard go free, and bring us the aristocrats!"

"Let her go free?" thundered the young man, savagely turning on the crowd. "Let the murderess of my citizen-father go free? No, let her die!"

"Let her die!" screamed the crowd, "cut her head off!—to the guillotine!"

"People!" shouted the girl in the dock, "You say you would have an aristocrat! behold one!" and she pointed fiercely at the young man. The people forgot to continue their noise, and stood silent like sheep, staring stupidly where she pointed.

"A lie," cried a woman's voice; "he is Gaspard Cordier, one of the people, he was a gunner at the taking of the Bastille—a lie!"

"He is not Gaspard Cordier," screamed the girl, "he is a noble, he is the Comte de Fontenelle! Do I not know it? He has hunted me down these last three years, in all disguises, all over Spain, through France, till I hid in Paris, thinking myself safe, only to find him in his last disguise as one of the people, seeking to hide his rank with you and save his life while using your fury against me for his vengeance! Look on him—look on him and see the truth upon his face, though his lips give you a lie."

The vehemence of the girl had cast a spell over her audience.

"This ring upon my hand," she con-

tinued, fiercely dragging it from her finger, "this ring whereby he condemns me, which he himself swears I took from the body of his father—look at it, examine it well, and you will find engraved within the band, 'Bernard' and 'de Fontenelle,' and the arms and crest of his house; if he be not an aristocrat on his own evidence and a fit bridegroom for la guillotine, then she has never tasted noble blood!"

The girl threw herself over the dock, and cast the ring on the President's bench. He took it up and carefully examined it with a curious glance at the young man, who, although he had not changed his attitude, stood like one dead. The crowd followed the President's eyes and gave de Fontenelle over to la guillotine on the instant.

The President passed the ring to the four judges, who examined it in turn. Then a silence fell upon the hall—a terrible silence. Suddenly a woman's voice screamed shrilly from the crowd: "The damned aristocrat! He has deceived us! Let Sanson have his head!" Then another voice, "Let him have both heads." Then a roar of applause, and a swaying in the crowd as though the people had a desire to drag down de Fontenelle and place him by his victim. The guard was once more busy with the mad rabble, and the President again rang his bell for silence. As soon as he could make himself heard he turned to de Fontenelle and said:

"What defence do you offer?"

"None."

"You are aware that all your line were enemies to the people? That you yourself have been proscribed eight months?"

"I am dazed, do not question me."

"No questions," cried the crowd, "we want no questions! Let Sanson have both heads!"

One man, more daring than his fellows, broke through the crowd, and springing at de Fontenelle dragged off the cap with the tri-coloured rosette, and flung it to his comrades, who, pouncing upon it like wolves, tore it into shreds and ribbons.

"Put it to the jury of the people," shouted a man's voice, "and let them find these two guilty of death."



The President endeavoured to make himself heard. "The woman," he said, "has acted like a true patriot in destroying the Comte de Fontenelle. She shall be set free."

But this raised such a storm of rage and fury, and the people so flocked round the Tribunal, with eyes ablaze and weapons bared, that the jury dared not pass anything but "guilty" on both the prisoners. The verdict evoked the wildest enthusiasm and the hall was rent with shouts and screams, now directed against de Fontenelle, and now against the Spanish girl.

"Ah, the Spanish murderess! She killed a Frenchman! Death to her!"

"Ah, the accursed aristocrat! Let him perish with the Spaniard! Make swift work of it! Let us have fresh aristocrats! There have been too few heads to-day!"

The judges desired no further spur, and the Comte de Fontenelle and the Spanish girl "Gabrella" were condemned to the guillotine with all despatch.

## II.

The sun was blazing down on thousands of upturned faces. The great street of St. Honoré was filled with a swaying crowd. The crowd swept on and on, ever in one direction, and to one song—the Marseillaise.

In the midst of the crowd, six tumbrils jolted and rumbled solemnly along, bearing their living burdens to the guillotine. Never again would those dying eyes look upon the sun, nor those white faces be flushed in the glow of his fire!

There they sat, or stood, a little band of victims in each cart; priest and peasant, noble and serf, learned and simple, all drawn by a mysterious fate to be companions in their last ride on earth.

In the fourth tumbrel a young man and a girl sat face to face, conversing. So earnest were they, so eager in their speech, so lost to all around them, that their impassioned words, upraised, were sometimes caught by the crowd and passed from mouth to mouth in wonder. Many persons asked who they were—these two to whom the ride of death brought no terror, and were answered:

"He is the Comte de Fontenelle, and

his companion is the Spanish girl Gabrella."

That was all they knew or cared to know, as they pressed round the tumbrils on their way to the daily slaughter.

A white-haired Abbé with a gentle face, seated next to de Fontenelle and pinioned like the rest of that sad company, leaned towards the young man tenderly, and addressed him in a peaceful voice:

"My son, the way is short, and Time is striding from you with wings upon his feet. Shall he bear no prayer before you to that land where you and I must sojourn? Come, my son, and you, my daughter, what can avail us earthly things? Rather let us petition the good God to have mercy upon our souls."

The wondrous calm on the old priest's face drew the eyes of de Fontenelle and his companion. "My father," he said, in a voice of deep despair, "by my own act I have slain this girl, and she has slain me; ah, would to God I had known then what I know now."

"Tell me, my son," said the old priest gently.

"There is no time," said the girl in a low voice.

The tumbrils were nearing their destination.

"Heaven will give us time," said the old priest. "Speak to me, my son."

De Fontenelle tried to rally his thoughts and to set his words in order. But now, for the first time on that dreadful journey, he heard the songs and shoutings of the crowd, and they beat upon his brain.

"Speak to me, my son," said the old priest, "let not the sounds of the earth trouble you, we have done with it, and them."

"I will speak, my father, I will not hear them. There; I have put them aside. Now I can address myself solely to you. You see me in this rough dress—the dress of the *sans-culottes*—but I am not of the people. I am Claude, Comte de Fontenelle, a man whose vengeance has destroyed him, and the creature he should have protected."

"Explain, my son."

"Years ago, when I was but a youth, my father left me, and went on a jour-

ney to Spain. There he loved a woman of that country and married her, my mother being dead. I knew nothing of this until to-day — nothing till to-day."

"Time is short, my son."

"Yes, yes. My father, after two years, returned to France, leaving the woman he wedded, destitute, and with a child—his daughter. The mother pined in anguish and despair, and taught the child to hate him, to swear to pursue him, and to avenge her by his death. The mother died of want and grief, and the child, remembering her oath, set out for France. There is no time to tell you more than that she slew my father; no time to tell you how I traced her—hunted her down to this—to-day."

Tears rolled down his cheeks. He could not stay them, his arms being bound.

"God is merciful," said the old priest, "in making the time so short. Tremble not, my children, nor be affrighted, though you perceive the tumbrils have reached their goal. A little while, and we shall see more clearly; we shall know why the sins of a father must be visited upon his children."

The first tumbril delivered up its victims. They suffered, and passed into the Great Silence.

"Listen, my son, and you, my daughter, and keep your eyes fixed upon my face. Do not let them wander to where our friends go before us. You are brother and sister, drawn out from the great highways of the world to enter the eternal gates together."

The second tumbril, lightened of its burdens, rolled away.

"My father," said De Fontenelle, "I have been thinking there may be pardon for us both. And more, we are such mournful proofs of the dreadful consequences following an action of cruelty and sin, that the world should learn much wisdom from our story. But, alas! it will never know. Surely the good God who orders all things will unravel the skein of our past lives, and set us to live anew?"

"Take comfort," said the old priest; "we go to an infinity of mercy, and an

eternity of justice. Have no fear—only humility and patience."

The third tumbril was emptying with a horrible speed. One of the victims attempted to address the crowd. This raised such a whirlwind of mocking voices, such a mad beating of many drums, that the trio in the fourth tumbril could hardly hear each other speak.

"But you, my daughter," said the old priest, turning to the Spanish girl Gabrella, "you are silent. Have you no word of faith and hope? Tell me," he continued, gazing intently into her face, "of what are you thinking?"

She answered very slowly, without looking at him, "I am thinking of my mother, and my poor home in Spain, and of this man, my strange brother, and of all the things in the past that have made up my life."

"And of the future?"

"The future is too dark for me; the past is all I have." A certain sound attracted her attention. She looked round swiftly, and turned away with a slight tremor.

The third tumbril—empty—was rolling sullenly past the back of the guillotine.

The fourth tumbril, in which they sat, began to move. With the first turn of the wheel their eyes met in a sudden glance, then dropped.

The old priest began to recite, in a low, sweet tone, comfortable verses from the "Offices of the Dying."

De Fontenelle leaned over as far as his pinioned form would allow. "Sister," he said hoarsely, "the good priest is giving us his blessing. Let us, too, bless each other, and let our last words be of love and peace. It would be horrible to die thus with our deaths upon each other's souls. Say you forgive me; say you bless me."

For answer she leaned to him, and kissed him upon the lips.

The tumbril stopped. The crowd of upturned savage faces glowed ruddy and dark. The setting sun, like a lake of blood, tinged all things in its flaming.

The fourth tumbril—empty and silent—rumbled away with its fellows into the twilight.

THE  
GUARDED  
MOUNT

WRITTEN

BY

CHARLOTTE MASON


ILLUSTRATED

BY

PHOTOGRAPHS

SUPPLIED WITH THE KIND PERMISSION OF R. H. PRESTON, OF PENZANCE

"St. Michael's Mount, who does not know,  
That wards the western coast!"

O view St. Michael's Mount, as it rises, bare, rugged and precipitous, from the heaving bosom of the sea, with the waves dashing around its base, and not recall its associations, is scarcely possible. A singular interest attaches itself to the religious history of the Mount; but long before there were Saxon monks, cowed and shaven, this romantic eminence was a place of high repute.

It carries one back to the primeval times, for hither came the haughty Tyrian merchants in their "strange, quaint-beaked galleys, with bronzed, Jewish-looking crews, in long Asiatic robes," to purchase tin of the barbarian natives. Little dreamed these proud Phœnicians that this remote sea-encircled land would one day become the abode of a mightier nation, when their own pomp and glory had passed away for ever.

The belief now is very generally accepted that the Mount is the "Ictis" of Feodorus, a writer in the time of Augustus Cæsar, for in a famous passage, we read:—

"The inhabitants of that extremity of Britain called Bolerion (probably the Land's End) both excel in hospitality and also, by reason of their intercourse with foreign merchants, they are civilised in their mode of life. These prepare the tin, working very skilfully the earth which produces it. The ground is rocky, but it has in it earthy veins, the produce of which is brought down and melted and purified. Then when they have cast it into the form of cubes, they carry it to a certain island adjoining Britain and called 'Ictis.' During the

recess of the tide, the intervening space is left dry, and they carry over an abundance of tin to this place in their carts; and it is something peculiar that happens to these islands in those parts lying between Europe and Britain; for at full tide, the intervening passages being overflowed, they appear like islands, but when the sea returns a large space is left dry, and they are seen as peninsulas."

This rocky mount has long disputed with the Isle of Wight the honour of being the great tin-mart of antiquity, and that it is the ancient Ictis, and *not* the Isle, in spite of its Latin name, all lovers of Cornwall are prepared to defend. It certainly seems to have the best claim, for old smelting-places, locally called "Jews' houses," have been discovered at Marazion, the oldest town in Cornwall, still called by the country people "Market Jew," which stands upon a hill-side, sloping to the north, and has some very ancient houses, shallow pits, containing pieces of charred wood, circular lumps of tin, called "Jews bowls," and other relics of early industry. It is said to have been named "Marazion" by the Jews, who had their market of tin here since the earliest days of traditional history, when even King Solomon is supposed to have shipped tin and other metal away for the great work of the building of the Temple at Jerusalem. Thus the mount is probably the earliest historic point in England, and is the connecting link between Britain and the civilisation of Rome and the East. The old Cornish name was "Caraclowse in Cowse," i.e., "the Grey Rock in the Wood," which seems to favour the tradition that this hill of

stone was once clothed with trees and situated in the heart of a forest some distance from the sea. In support of this theory it is interesting to note that submarine trees are even now washed up by many storms, and the fishermen of the district say that in digging down some three feet in the sand, roots, twigs and branches are found firmly embedded in vegetable mould.

This sea-tor or conical mountain, rising in bold steps out of the bay, is an impressive object from the shore ; it is a pyramidal mass of granite, the layers of rock being piled up at the top in the wild fashion of the Dartmouth tors. At its base the mount is rather more than a mile in circumference, and affords room for a little fishing village, with thirty-eight houses and a harbour on the west, sheltering a few small craft. Between the pier and the steep slope is a graveyard, above which the rocky parapet, picturesquely crowned by a castle, with its square central tower, rises to the height of 230 feet. It

is connected with the mainland by a narrow causeway which is flooded to the depth of several feet, eight hours in the twelve, by the tide.

From the level, a turfy slope is crossed to the curving rocky path that leads to the summit ; the same path by which the pilgrims of old plodded their way up, guided by a granite cross, when, after paying their fee to the priest and kissing the relics, they descended by another uneven path on the opposite side, where a cross still marks the way. A little higher up is the "Giant's Well," with nothing about it to justify its name. Higher still is a gateway, with the ruins of a guard-house on the left, and a sentry box on the right, and near the top, on a platform, stands a saluting battery with guns peeping from its embrasures and bearing the arms of the St. Aubyn family, who have owned the Mount for nearly 200 years. A flight of steps leads to the castle door. This castellated mansion is surely unique, high perched on its isolated hill, four hundred yards



CHEVY CHASE

*From Photo by R. H. PRESTON*

from Marazion, in its solitariness and grandeur suggesting the fabled history that has been weaved round its venerable walls for hundreds of years.

The original building was not only a fortress, but included a church also, which contained the shrine of the Archangel, consequently a much frequented resort of pilgrims from all quarters of Europe. The oldest part remaining is the central tower, of the 14th and 15th century, the other portions being Perpendicular Gothic. Early in the present century, 1826, it was fitted up in the "carpenter Gothic" style, the principal rooms being the hall and the chapel. The hall was the refectory of the monks, and is now called the "Chevy Chase" room, because of a stuccoed cornice, representing a chase in full scent after the quarry, consisting of a variety of beasts. At the upper end, over the fireplace, are the

royal arms and the date 1660; at the lower the escutcheon of St. Aubyn. The oak roof is heavy, but some of the portraits, trophies, and antique ivories are of great interest. The door is old and of Perpendicular date, and in one of the apartments is a bedstead three hundred years old, of oak, black and shining as ebony; by its side stands a chair two centuries older still, "yet good, apparently, for many more."

The castle story is surmounted by a church, which is the chapel of the old Benedictine Monastery. A double flight of steps at the end of the terrace leads into the chapel, which is of Perpendicular date, with a tower on the north side. The windows also are of the same date, except the East window, which is modern. The interior has been restored and beautified of late years, and is capable of seating a considerable congregation; the stalls were put up in



CHAPEL, ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT

*From Photo by R. H. PRESTON*

1804, and the chandelier represents St. Michael surmounted by the Virgin and Child.

Some years ago, during some alterations, a low Gothic doorway in the south wall of the chancel was discovered. It had, from time immemorial, been blocked by masonry, which, being removed, a flight of steps leading to a small chamber was revealed, wherein lay the skeleton of a man, alleged to be that of Sir John Arundel, a knight of the 15th century, who took a conspicuous part in the Civil War, and who was killed in an attack on the Mount in 1471, when trying to recover it from the Earl of Oxford, who, after the battle of Barnet, had seized it by a ruse.

The castle and the chapel perched on it have each their written history, and both legend and chronicle are fraught with the interest attaching to such unique, venerable, and religious structures.

At a very early time the Mount assumed an ecclesiastical character. We have the notice of it being a hallowed spot, long before Edward the Confessor granted it to St. Michael in Normandy, for old legends assert that in the year 495 St. Michael appeared to a hermit on one of its crags, and tradition's finger, pointing to a great rock on its western side as the spot where the archangel alighted in his flight from heaven, has given it the name of St. Michael's Chair. Milton has alluded to this apparition in the following lines :

Where the great vision of the guarded  
Mount,  
Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's  
hold.

And here on the summit, to preserve the memory of the visit and the sanctity of the spot, a Cornish saint built a priory which, for many years, was the resort of pilgrims.

To this romantic mount, St. Keyne, a damsel of royal birth, is said to have come from Ireland as early as the year 490, on a pilgrimage to the shrine of its tutelary saint.

After the Conquest the Gilbertines took the place of the Benedictines, and their cell was attached by Robert,

Earl of Mortain, who bore the standard of St. Michael in the Norman host, to the Abbey of St. Michael, on St. Michael's Mount, off the coast of Normandy, to which it bears a singular likeness. Both Mounts were fortresses as well as religious houses; both contained garrisons as well as convents, and it is probable that the resemblance of the two rocks suggested the grant of Edward the Confessor. The Cornish St. Michael was at first a mere cell, but afterwards obtained a distinct corporate character, and had a convent, a seal, and a perpetual prior.

When Edward III. waged his war against France, it was confiscated, as an alien religious house, and bestowed upon the Sion Nunnery in Middlesex. Eventually it passed into the hands of the Basset family, from whom, two hundred years ago, it was purchased by the St. Aubyns, who remain its owners. In the caprice of fortune the establishment was made to serve for purposes of war as well as religion, to be a sanctuary at the same time for soldiers and monks, "while its walls were strengthened and mounted with cannon."

The military annals of the Mount commence with King Richard's captivity, when Henry de Pomeroy, having murdered the King's messenger, fled hither, dispossessed the monks, and held the place in the interest of John. On Cœur de Lion's return, the garrison surrendered, and in despair Pomeroy leaped his horse off the rock into the sea. This feudal castle has often afforded a refuge for fugitives from political troubles. Hither came the Earl of Oxford and other knights, having fled from the field of Barnet, when the Red Rose was trodden under foot and crushed in the dust. Gaining admittance, under the guise of pilgrims to the convent, they took possession of the castle, and held out manfully till they obtained their pardon and freedom from the Yorkist King. Twenty years later, when Perkin Warbeck landed at St. Ives with his beautiful wife the Lady Catherine Gordon, whom James IV. of Scotland had given him in marriage, and was hailed by the Cornishmen as Richard IV., he shut her up for safety in the castle and then marched

into Devonshire at the head of 3,000 men. At Taunton they came in sight of the king's army; when it was proved that, unhappily for the poor confiding Cornishmen, their leader was not as brave as they. In the night, when the two armies lay opposite to each other, under the cover of darkness he mounted a swift horse and fled; when morning dawned, his men, discovering that they had no leader, surrendered to the king's power.

The king sent a body of horsemen to St. Michael's Mount to seize his wife. The poor refugee was soon taken and brought as a captive before his Majesty, who regarded her with compassion; seeing how good and beautiful and devoted she was to the man in whom she believed, he treated her with great respect and placed her at Court with his Queen. For many years she was called "The fair Rose of Scotland" by the people in St. Michael's Mount in remembrance of her beauty.

Here also, in the Cornish rebellion of Edward VI., when Cornwall rose against the use of the Reformed Prayer Book, and in the castle the chief families took refuge, St. Michael's Mount was the centre of much fighting. The insurgents crossed the sands at low water, and sheltering themselves under trusses of hay "clomb the assault." With bows and arrows, their only artillery, they captured the castle, but it was soon after re-captured by the Royalists, and Humphrey Arundel, the rebel leader, was beheaded.

Finally, when in the Civil War it was attacked by the Parliamentarians, its Royalist garrison was compelled to surrender, and the castle was handed over to the Roundheads under Colonel Hammond, by Sir Francis Basset.

The history of the Mount since then has only been marked by two royal events—the visit of Charles II., and of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort in 1846. A brass footstep marks the spot on which Her Majesty first placed her foot at landing, and the two quill pens the Royal twain used for writing their names in the visitors' book are still preserved as souvenirs. A narrow winding stair leads to the top of the tower; at one corner is the broken turret, to which the name of St. Michael's chair has erroneously been transferred; the famous stone chair, jutting out from the topmost battlement over the abyss, is said to have virtues similar to those of St. Keyne's Well, and secures to the one who first sits in it after the marriage the rule in the domestic home. To one perched on the battlements of this granite tor, the outlook is grand and commanding, the whole of the bay lies in the front, from the Lizard to Mousehole, Penzance with its background of green hills, the bold headlands towards Land's End show against the lovely straight, blue horizon and the rugged, marvellously piled surface of the rock itself, yielding apparently not an inch to the fury of the Atlantic waves; firmly it stands, of a duration extending much farther than one can conceive into the past, in the land of the Logan, the land of cromlechs and tors, of bold crags, rocky mines, and Celtic remains; around it legends thickly cluster, and from its site it is, as well as from its history, one of the most remarkable places in Great Britain.

Who knows not Mighel's Mount and chaire,  
The Pilgrim's holy vaunt;  
Both land and island, twice a day;  
Both fort, and port of haunt?



A

WORD

ABOUT

THE

WEST

INDIES

WRITTEN BY JOHN FYVIE

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.  
*From Photo by ELLIOTT & FRY, London*



PART from the war which is now waging in South Africa, there has been of late a great revival of interest shown by the British people in their colonial possessions. Of that school of politicians who, as recently as the "seventies" and "eighties" of the century, assured us that colonies were only encumbrances which the mother country should cut adrift, or encourage to cut themselves adrift, at the earliest convenient opportunity, scarcely a survivor is left. Even the British workman, who is now having his political innings, and naturally enough wants to score as much as possible for his own side, is beginning to realise that he is a citizen, not merely of London or of Manchester, but of an Empire on which the sun never sets. The problems of India, Australia, Canada, and the Cape, are more written about in the press, and more frequently, if not always more intel-

ligently, talked about by the man in the street, than they ever were before. At the same time, it is a curious fact that our West Indian colonies, some of which are our oldest, and at one time were our most cherished possessions, are precisely those which are least known and least popularly cared about. It is much to be feared that the average man, if he ever thinks about the West Indies at all, thinks of them as a cluster of out-of-date islands, in an out-of-the-way and unhealthy part of the world, where he indistinctly remembers being told that slavery once flourished, and where sugar used to be produced from the cane, until a more modern and economical method was discovered for producing it from the beet, nearer home.

Yet, we might have been expected to remember, and may do well to remind ourselves, that about those islands have been waged some of our most thrilling fights for the flag, and that the Carib-



bean Sea is in fact the cradle of the Naval Empire of Great Britain. For, although neither Crown nor Government avowedly engaged in the enterprise, it was in that sea that British adventurers, privateers or buccaneers, men such as Drake and Hawkins and other seamen, whose names are blazoned on our national roll of fame, wrested the tropics out of the grasp of Spain, and founded the naval supremacy of Great Britain. It was there that, at a later date, France and England contended for the empire of the seas; and it was there that France, Spain and Holland combined to inflict a blow which would not only have driven us from the West Indies, but also probably have reduced us to the rank of a fifth-rate power, when the great Rodney scattered

clergy, English parish churches, an English governor, and an English constitution, which has existed from the time of the Stuarts, while on any fine evening we may see there English horsemen and horsewomen taking their constitutional ride in Bridgetown, the equals, in everything but numbers, of those we are accustomed to admire in our own Rotten Row. Barbados, it is true, is only about the size of the Isle of Wight, but its fertile soil is cultivated all over with the completeness of a garden, and populated like an ant-hill—nine-tenths of the inhabitants, however, being blacks.

One hears on all hands that the trade of the West Indies has gone to rack and ruin, that sugar estates cannot be made to pay the expenses of cultivation, that most of them are mortgaged up to the



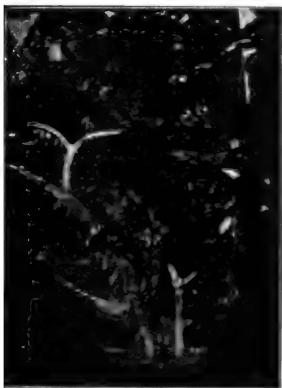
BROAD STREET,  
BARBADOS

them into wreck and ruin. We may do well to remind ourselves that one of those islands—the island of Barbados—was first settled by us as far back as 1605. In the handsome hall where its assembly meets are to be seen a series of painted windows representing the English sovereigns from James I. to Queen Victoria. And the curious visitor, by-the-way, will be interested to remark that, in due order among these windows, is a representation of Oliver Cromwell, the only official recognition of the great Protector within the precincts of any government house in the Empire, until the recent erection of that statue which has created such absurd controversy at Westminster. In Barbados we find the English language spoken everywhere, and not only are there English troops, but English police, English

hilt, and on the verge of bankruptcy, that the white population steadily tends to decrease, and that many English have already sold their estates for anything they could get, leaving the blacks to cultivate them in their own way. And no doubt a great deal of this is most unfortunately true. But the West Indies produce other valuable marketable commodities besides sugar. At the Agricultural Conference held at Barbados in January last, a number of "subsidiary industries" were shown to be in quite a flourishing condition.

Trinidad is probably more noted for its cacao than for its sugar, and during the last twenty years, according to the official returns, while the decrease in sugar imports has only amounted to £712,614, the increase in the value of cacao exported has increased by nearly

SUGAR PLANTATION,  
SOUFRIÈRE,  
ST. LUCIA



COCOA TREE

a million and a quarter sterling. The beautiful little island of Grenada, which is wholly dependent on its cacao and spices, is in a particularly prosperous condition; and in Tobago, Crown lands, which until a few years ago were entirely unproductive, have lately been yielding crops of the value of £2,000 annually. In Dominica, a Ceylon coffee planter has lately opened an estate of about 200 acres, and if this proves successful it is anticipated that Dominica will regain its former posi-

tion as the home of the finest coffee of the new world.

Tobacco is another article of commerce in which our West Indian Islands might do a great deal more; indeed, they might become the finest tobacco district of the world. Tobacco just as good as the finest Cuban growths has been grown, and could be grown



MR. A. L. JONES, J.P.

more extensively, in Jamaica, in St. Domingo, and probably in most of the Antilles. And if that be so, we may be sure that, as an observant Yankee told Mr. Froude, "there are dollars in those islands" for any enterprising and intelligent capitalist who will go the right way to work. And, in the opinion of some experts, even sugar can be made to pay very well at present prices.

The largest and most valuable of the West Indian Islands is Jamaica, in which, for some time past, fruit cultivation has continued to grow and expand, until now there is a large and increasing trade with the United States. But it would be of incalculable value to Jamaica, as well as a great advantage to ourselves, if a good market for West Indian fruit and other produce could be formed in this country. And this most desirable consummation appears to be within measurable distance of being realised. The present Colonial Secretary is known to have strong and enlightened views as to West Indian possibilities, and Mr. A. L. Jones, senior partner in the great steamship-owning firm, Elder, Dempster & Co., of Liverpool, has recently turned his keen eye in the same direction, with the result that his firm have contracted with the Government to run a fortnightly service of fast mail, fruit, and passenger vessels between this country and Jamaica. Those who know what the enterprise and energy of Mr. Jones have effected in West Africa, where his name is probably better known than that of any other man except Mr. Chamberlain, and how largely his influence has been instrumental in raising the Canary Islands from a condition of abject poverty to one of thriving and increasing prosperity, will be inclined to hope great things from this incursion of his into West Indian territory. It is owing to him that we have even now some 20,000 bunches of bananas imported into England every week, and it is his expressed intention to bring the fruit trade to such a condition that every British workman may be able to obtain tropical fruit at prices such as he is able to pay, while more luxurious kinds, such as the pineapple, may be within the reach of all people of

merely moderate means. The ships for this much desiderated service are now being built. They will each carry 100 first-class passengers, 50 second-class passengers, and 5,000 tons of cargo, and will do the passage between England and Jamaica in eleven or twelve days. At present the West Indian Islands are much better known to our American cousins than to ourselves, as for many years past they have made winter resorts of Havana and Jamaica to escape the cold winds of the Eastern and Middle States, much as those of us who can afford it make a winter resort of the Riviera. And by the same means we are perhaps likely to become ourselves somewhat better acquainted with our "dependencies" in the Caribbean Sea. The Harley Street physician will now frequently recommend a West Indian trip to such of his patients as can enjoy a sea voyage, instead of prescribing the stereotyped Mediterranean. We have the authority of Sir Spencer Wells, one of the Queen's physicians, for the statement that malarial diseases are now rare, and that epidemics of yellow fever seemed to have passed away from the West Indies. And *à propos* of this fact it may be well to take this opportunity of pointing out to certain of our ultra-conservative life insurance offices that they are not only not abreast of modern knowledge, but are positively taking an unfair advantage of a client when they make a visit to Jamaica the excuse for increasing his premium.

The tourist, on his arrival at Kingston, will probably be agreeably surprised to find it a handsome town of some 50,000 inhabitants, lighted by electricity as well as gas, containing a theatre, as well as churches, chapels, and other public buildings, with railways connecting it with other parts of the island, trams through the city, mail coaches running daily to various interesting spots in the neighbourhood, excellent roads for driving or cycling, tennis courts, a cricket club, and the now indispensable golf links. Up to the present there has been but one mail route to the West Indies, all the steamers running to Barbados; but with the increased facilities afforded by the new line which Elder, Dempster & Co. are to open direct to Jamaica in



TWO  
PITCH LAKE,  
TRINIDAD

January next, we may confidently expect that, year by year, an increasing number of British tourists will now be making acquaintance with the glorious tropical scenery of what Charles Kingsley describes as a veritable earthly paradise. Such a climate, he says, such a soil, such vegetation, such fruits, must have made the first discoverers half intoxicated with the beauty and the wonder around them; and not only the first discoverers, but anyone who has come within reach of their fascination ever since. "For it is a joy for ever, a sight never to be forgotten, to have seen palms breaking through, and, as it were, defying the soft rounded forms of the broad-leaved vegetation by the stern face of their simple lines; the immovable pillar-stem looking the more immovable beneath the toss and flash and flicker of the long leaves, and as they awake out of their sunlit sleep, and rage impatiently for a while before the mountain gusts, and fall asleep again." Words of his, he says, are too clumsy to give any adequate picture of the beauty of the streams and glens which run down from either slope of the Northern Mountains in Trinidad. But he would be a bold writer who would venture on a description of his own in preference to quoting the following from the pages of that charming book "At Last."

"The reader must fancy for himself the loveliest brook which he ever saw in

Devonshire or Yorkshire, Ireland or Scotland; crystal-clear, bedded with grey pebbles, broken into rapids by rock- ledges, winding through flats of natural meadow or copse. Then let him transport his stream into the great palm-house at Kew, stretch out the house up hill and down dale, five miles in length, and two thousand feet in height; pour down on it from above a blaze which lights up every leaf into a gem, and



BLUE BASIN, TRINIDAD



MONAS,  
TRINIDAD

deepens every shadow into blackness—and yet that very blackness full of inner light—and if his fancy can do as much as that, he can imagine to himself the stream up which we rode or walked, now winding along the narrow track a hundred feet or two above, looking down on the upper surface of the forest, on the crests of palms, and the broad sheets of the balisier copse, and often on the statelier fronds of true bananas, which had run wild along the stream side, flowering and fretting in the wilderness for the benefit of the parrots and agoutis; or on huge dark clumps of bamboo, which (probably not indigenous to the island) have in like manner spread themselves along all the streams in the lapse of ages."

It has been truly said that what one reads in books about places creates images which are always unlike the real object, and that the sight of the actual thing is always new and unexpected. This is true enough of West Indian scenery, even when the books are by such masters of picturesque prose as Charles Kingsley or James Anthony Froude. One reads of strange vegetation, gorgeous foliage, gigantic and heavily-scented flowers, of fireflies coruscating in the sultry night air like pyrotechnics, or of great butterflies or

moths, dark blue shot with green, like a peacock's neck, and as large as English bats; but our imaginations fail to comprehend it all. Take Dominica, for instance, the most mountainous of the Antilles. Not even a photograph or a painting can give us anything but the faintest idea of those hills, rising peak beyond peak to the height of 6,000 feet, and clothed with vegetation to the summits, split into valleys of exquisite fertility, through each of which runs a full and ample river; of its sulphur springs, boiling water fountains, and boiling lake; of rain falling from a clear blue sky, and a perpetual rainbow hanging its arch over the island. And to the visitor from northern inclement climes, even what is not beautiful is yet strange, and picturesque, and wonderful. Black women, in gay-coloured print dresses, with broad smiles and flashing teeth, gracefully carrying heavy loads on their heads, that are supported by upright and well-formed figures, which might serve for sculptors' models; lazy niggers of the male sex, carrying nothing, though they always ride on donkeys; here an Indian coolie, and there a Chinese shopkeeper; or perhaps a number of black vultures, called Johnny Crows, who will scarcely trouble to make way for the traveller, may be

seen feeding on the refuse in the middle of the streets, or roosting in rows, after they are gorged, on the roofs of the houses. In some places a touch of danger adds an additional spice of interest to the unfamiliar scene. The deadly *fer de lance* has not yet been exterminated in all the islands; a water python may sometimes deter the most adventurous of travellers from a refreshing plunge into the most inviting of pools; and all and sundry may be warned not to walk slipperless over the floors in any place, lest they receive unwelcome attentions from something in the shape of a scorpion or a centipede, a jigger or a land-crab; and they will need to be perpetually on their guard to circumvent the caresses of the ubiquitous

to find that even the bold buccaneer, like Mr. Gilbert's enterprising burglar when not a-burgling, would sometimes love to lie a-basking in the sun :

Oh ! sweet it was in Aves, to hear the land-ward breeze,  
A swing with good tobacco in a net beneath  
the trees,  
With a negro lass to fan you, while you  
listened to the roar.  
Of the breakers on the reef outside, which  
never touched the shore.

To pass from White to Black. If anybody thinks the nigger's lot is not a happy one, a visit to the West Indies will speedily undeceive him, for he will find that the "coloured gentleman" is very much at his "ease in Zion." The West Indian negro is evidently of an

SUGAR  
REFINERY,  
SAN FERNANDO,  
TRINIDAD



mosquito. But one soon gets accustomed to things such as these, if not quite to regard them as an additional enjoyment.

The whole region is full of the memories of stirring and daring deeds; of Columbus the discoverer; of Raleigh, who tarred his ships from the pitch lake of Trinidad; of Drake and Hawkins, who worried the Spaniard; of Rodney, who shattered the French fleet off Dominica; and of less honourable, though no less daring, buccaneers, such as he of whom Kingsley sang :—

Then we sailed against the Spaniard, with  
his hoards of plate and gold,  
Which he wrung with cruel tortures from  
Indian folks of old ;

Likewise the merchant captains, with hearts  
as hard as stone,  
Who flog men, and keelhaul them, and starve  
them to the bone.

In such a climate one is not surprised

inferior race to the Zulus and Caffres, with whom we have, in later days, come into contact in South Africa. He is more coarsely framed, both in limb and in feature, and he would probably have been a slave to more vigorous blacks in his own country, if we had never brought him to our plantations to make him the slave of the whites. But he is good-natured, innocent, lazy, and —happy. No other peasantry in the world is so comfortably situated, or so satisfied. He can have food in abundance in return for very little work, sometimes for the mere picking of it up; lodging of the most simple kind is all that, in such a climate, he requires, and as for clothing, well, except for decorative purposes, he doesn't need any at all. He has little to do but laugh, sing, and enjoy himself in his somewhat limited way, and to the best of his ability this



CARET,  
ST. PIERRE,  
MARTINIQUE

is just what he does. In some of the islands he has become a landed proprietor.

In Granada, about 8,000 blacks cultivate their own little patches of ground, and are reported to be doing very well. And in Trinidad, where there is a population of about 14,000 negro freeholders, each living on his own homestead, and raising what his own family will consume, are becoming increasingly common. It is just here, in fact, that we come face to face with what, according to some observers, is the crux of the whole West Indian problem. The whites, it is said, are gradually disappearing, withdrawing with them the capital and enterprise necessary for the development of the natural resources of the islands. Bit by bit, the blacks are becoming the proprietors. If the Home Government grants them the franchise, and the management of their own concerns, this process will be rapidly accelerated, and the islands will tend to become what Hayti is now, each a Black Republic, where Europeans are barely tolerated in any capacity, and not allowed to own any

land. It is to be feared that this would ere long result in a general falling back into Obeah and cannibalism. Froude was of opinion that we had but two genuine alternatives; one to leave them to themselves to shape their own destinies, the other, to govern them as if they were a part of Great Britain, with the same scrupulous care of the people and their interests with which we govern Bengal, Madras, and Bombay. And he insisted, again and again, that England is responsible for the social condition of these islands. She filled them with negroes, he reminded us, when it was to her interest to maintain slavery, she emancipated those negroes when popular opinion at home demanded that slavery should cease. And she ought, therefore, to bear the consequences of her own actions, and assume to herself the responsibilities of a state of things which she has herself created. Seeley used to say that we had colonised and peopled half the world in a fit of absence of mind. Let us hope that we are at last getting to realise, not only what we have done, but what yet remains for us to do.

*THE PASSING OF SPRING*

WITH all the earth in blossom,  
And all the sky ablaze,  
The Spring, in sweet surrender,  
Grows more than girlish tender;  
And on the Summer's bosom  
Her own soft beauty lays,  
Content, when June is gleaming,  
To drift away in dreaming—  
With all the earth in blossom,  
And all the sky ablaze.

Who notes the time she passes  
From day-dreams into sleep?  
So quietly she leaves us,  
Her going never grieves us;  
And neither lads nor lasses  
Make search for her and weep.  
Her last sigh comes not after  
The Summer's earliest laughter—  
Who notes the time she passes  
From day-dreams into sleep?

Perchance the hearts of thrushes  
Could tell the hour she goes:  
Their loud, ecstatic singing,  
That cheered the crocus springing,  
Falls faint and sometimes hushes  
To greet the grander rose.  
The first to hail her presence,  
The first to hymn her pleasance,  
Perchance the hearts of thrushes  
Could tell the hour she goes.



Love met her with embraces,  
Love lets her slip away,  
As if one sharp emotion  
Wore out his heart's devotion—  
Although her April graces  
Are magnified in May.  
Love blessed the early comer,—  
Then sighed and cried for Summer.  
Love met her with embraces,  
Love lets her slip away.

Love mourned not for the white flowers  
That drooped in April's dawn :  
Love laughed, indeed, to kiss them,  
But never wept to miss them,  
Dreaming of dearer bright flowers  
By Summer's lazy lawn.  
Who sees a silver sadness  
Against a golden gladness?  
Love mourned not for the white flowers  
That drooped in April's dawn.

\* \* \* \*

Like friendship lost in loving,  
Spring fails and gladly dies,  
Her dainty, fairy fancies  
Dissolved in real romances,  
Her hopes and fears but proving  
The peace of Summer's eyes.  
And not until September  
Does life her face remember . . .  
Like friendship lost in loving,  
Spring fails and gladly dies.

# A CAVALIER AND



# TERMAGANT.

WRITTEN

BY

WINIFRED BOGGS

ILLUSTRATED

BY

E. FAIRHURST

## CHAPTER I.



HE Colonel bit his lip and frowned, glancing uneasily ever and anon to where a girl stood, haughty and imperious, her large eyes flashing defiance, guarded by two of his men. "Tis ill warring with women," he muttered. "My lord Duke's commands must needs be obeyed, but I would the little spitfire had fallen into other hands, and into whose charge to put her I know not."

His keen eyes rested upon a group of young gallants, who whispered and jested, looking covertly the while at the girl. "Fops and fools all!" he exclaimed, turning aside; "I must look elsewhere for a guard."

His glance travelled to a man standing apart, looking moodily from the fair captive to the ground—a man somewhat more of a soldier and less of a court gallant than the rest. A look of relief came into the commander's face, and he beckoned the young man forward. "Sir Hugh," he said briefly, "see you to the girl. Take four men, and look t'that you hold her secure. If you bring her not safely to London,

the Duke of York will of a surety hold your head forfeit."

With a curt nod he moved away, leaving the cavalier very ill at ease, and reluctant to undertake the part assigned to him. He went unwillingly up to the lady, and made an awkward bow, colouring a little at the scorn on her disdainful mouth. "You are in my charge, Mistress Dorothy," he said sorrowfully. "God wots 'tis a sad task, and I would you had been more discreetful. Plots and strategies are dangerous games for women in these perilous times."

The imperious beauty held her head a little higher. "I give you greeting, Sir Hugh Lenkaster," she said mockingly, "but I prithee tell your Colonel that I like not a rejected suitor as gaoler. Bid him find another."

"The Colonel commands—we obey, however distasteful that command may be," Sir Hugh replied quietly.

"A gallant speech in truth," she sneered.

"I am no Court dandy," said the cavalier. "Command me in deeds, not words; you will not find me lacking."

An onlooker might have deemed he spoke the truth. There was about him none of the extravagantly attired fop of Charles's Court. He wore his own hair,

which, dark brown, fell barely to his broad shoulders, shorter by several inches than the curled and scented wigs on the other gallants. He was of a strength and stature that would have been strangely out of keeping among the dainty Court dandies. His rugged face was only redeemed from absolute plainness by the power and tenderness of the well-shaped mouth.

Mistress Dorothy Masters, spoiled beauty and termagant, was the orphan of the late Sir Antony Masters. She had been indulged all her life, and there were those who reaped the benefit, and cursed the stinging lash of Mistress Dorothy's ungentle tongue.

Dark, dusky hair formed the frame to a face of wonderful delicacy of colouring and outline, in which lips like a crimson thread curved scornfully, out of which eyes of dazzling brilliance shone with spirit—and with temper.

"What is like to be my lord Duke's will with me? Will he execute me like Lord William Russell and poor cousin Algernon Sydney, or shall I only languish in a dungeon for the rest of my days?" she asked, with an indifferent shrug.

Hugh's lips whitened. "Don't!" he muttered hoarsely. "You are innocent?"

She ignored the implied question. "So were they," she said, and laughed.

"What was likely to be her fate between the vindictive duke and weak king?" he asked himself, sick at heart.

His anxiety made his voice sound harsh as he said curtly, leading her animal forward, "To horse, mistress, to horse. Come, mount!"

The blood rushed like a crimson tide into the girl's cheeks, her eyes narrowed till only two little points of flame were visible.

"Tell the Colonel I would speak with him," she said in a voice of suppressed passion, turning to a trooper.

"See here!" she burst out, as soon as the Colonel made his appearance. "What mean you by sending me this churl—this clown—this—this great rough dolt for a guard? I will have none of him! I demand a *gentleman*, sir!"

The worried Colonel glanced from the furious face of the lady to the white set one of the man. "You want one of those curled and scented gallants, I suppose, Mistress?" drily.

"A gentleman," she reiterated, stamping her foot; "I will have a *gentleman*, I tell you."

"You've got one, Mistress," retorted the old soldier, turning on his heel.

Left alone, they looked at one another—the girl with rage, the man with a faint smile on his lips. "The Colonel does not lightly change his orders," he said.

"'Tis not in the bond that I hold speech with you; so be you silent, Sir Gaoler," commanded the girl tartly, looking at him with eyes that fain would slay him as he stood.

He bowed and pointed to her horse, offering his hand that she might mount.

She waved him away. "Stand back!" she said curtly, motioning a common soldier forward.

The fellow, unaccustomed to perform such services, and being overmore afraid of the baleful light in the lady's eyes, blundered, and, causing her to lose her balance, brought her to the ground, whence he made no effort to raise her, gaping horrified instead the while.

Mindful of his rebuffs, Sir Hugh stood motionless, and she had to regain her feet unassisted, her temper none the sweeter for the catastrophe. She stormed at the bungler, who shrank away abashed, and then glared defiance at the big cavalier.

An impatient order came for them to mount, and Sir Hugh, finding her stubbornly ignoring the command, stepped up to her with determination. He muttered an apology, and picking her small, slight figure up in his arms, set her on the saddle.

She recovered from her amazed indignation in time to deal him a stinging box on the ear. The whole troop heard the ringing smack, and turned round. Some of the men tittered.

Sir Hugh's face was very red where her hand had struck it, and white elsewhere; his eyes flashed, his mouth became rigid, but he kept his temper.

The four men forming the guard,

grinning covertly, closed round, and the little cavalcade set out.

"Get you to the back, Sir Gaoler," ordered the imperious captive, "mark you I ride not rein to rein with my inferiors."

The cavalier dropped behind in silence, but so dark were his looks that not one of his men dare risk a smile.

As evening drew nigh, he ventured once more to approach her. "We lie at Comb Hill to-night, Mistress Dorothy," he said. "'Tis only a little further."

till Sir Hugh told her they had arrived at Comb Hill. "I will see that your tent be made ready without delay, Mistress," he said.

"Tent!" she exclaimed shrilly. "God's life! am I to have no roof over my head this night? Methinks even the meanest of prisoners is better housed than I."

"You will have no reason of complaint," he answered stiffly, you shall be lodged warm and soft in all comfort."

"You mock me," she cried, a hectic spot of colour glowing on her cheek.



"WHEN I WISH SPEECH OF YOU, I WILL LET YOU KNOW"

"When I wish speech of you I will let you know," was the reply he received.

He sighed and fell back into his old place.

At last they came to a long grassy slope and the order to dismount was given. "What means this?" demanded the girl, angrily, as the men sprang from their saddles. No one answered,

"Comfort! Speak not of comfort to me, when I must lie in a thin tent among a set of ruffians—not even my serving woman with me! 'Tis infamous."

"You will be well guarded; no evil can come nigh you."

"Guarded! Ay, by another ruffian! I like not such guardianship, Sir Gaoler, I should feel less fearful without it."

He made no reply.

"So I may not even sleep in peace!" she went on resentfully. "Would it not be well, bethink you, to bid your men guard me with drawn swords as I lie, lest in the night I should rise up, and, slaying the whole troop, escape?"

"Your privacy will be undisturbed, madam."

"Think you there will be sleep for me, with you and your fellow cut-throats outside my resting place?"

"Yet I would say to you, sleep, for to-morrow's will be a toilsome march."

"'Tis not the marching, 'tis the company!" she exclaimed, with a stamp.

"I crave your pardon while I leave you a moment," he said coldly. "I must see to't that your tent be made comfortable."

Bowing low he left her, and with his own hands awkwardly tried to make the tent habitable. It seemed to him when he finished that his labours had not been all in vain, but then what did a rough soldier know of the dainty requirements of a great lady?

He went to fetch her with mingled feelings. "Wilt see your chamber?" he asked, leading her to the tent.

He stood aside for her to pass in, looking at her anxiously as he did so. The disdainful beauty glanced round disparagingly and said nothing; a truly ominous sign.

"'Tis but a poor place I know," murmured the soldier humbly, "but if you'd make shift for the one night, I'd see to't that to-morrow's lodgement be more to your fancy."

"Do you never wash yourself that you give me neither water nor bath?" she inquired indignantly.

His face fell. "I—I will see to't," he stammered; "water shall be fetched without delay."

"And I will have it heated, Sir Gaoler, mark you that. I will not perish of cold this bitter night; no, not to please a thousand of such as you."

"It shall be done," he said soothingly. "Is there aught else?"

"Ay, the sheets," stripping them off the bed as she spoke, and casting them rudely into his face, "would cut my flesh to rags. Take them to those of rougher nurture!"

"There are no other sheets," he said

in dismay, "and I did steal even those from my lord of Ranleigh's tent for you; could you not for this one night——?"

"Ay, give them to me!" bitterly snatching them back again. "I had needs get accustomed to my prison and my company. 'Tis not an easy passing to the block, God wots!"

He turned away and left; he could not bear *that* word on her lips. He passed into the colonel's tent.

"Well, Hugh," said the commander, looking up with a smile. "How goes it, lad?" For out of the hours of discipline these two, who had fought together in more than one fierce battle, were close friends, in spite of the difference of their years.

The young man gripped the rail of a chair with such force that his knuckles stood out white and strained. "Colonel" he said hoarsely, "What think you will be the fate of Mistress Dorothy Masters?"

"It lies between the duke and the king," was the answer, "Perchance a lecture, a kiss; perchance—the block."

"Oh God, not that!" burst out Lenkaster, "she is so young, so fair!" despairingly.

"And so wilful!"

"She has a heart of gold!"

"And a tongue of scorpions!"

"She is so small, so frail, so little more than a child!"

"Yet hast a hand of iron!" looking at the red stain across the young man's cheek.

"She is but a spoiled child."

"Having for toys, plots; and for games, the unseating of kings. Nay, nay, Hugh, rack not that brain of yours to find excuses for such as she. Leave her master and ours to deal with her; what to you is the fate of a maid, seen for the first time this day?"

"I have known her since she was sixteen," answered the Cavalier, "and loved her all these five years."

The Colonel's face changed; a look of compassion came into his eyes. "This is ill hearing, lad!" he cried regretfully; "She is a traitor, yet you love her, you say, and she——?"

The mark on the young man's cheek flamed, "This is the answer," he said curtly, pointing to it, "but 'twas not to talk of love I came hither, but to

hear of what she is accused, and what you know of the matter."

The Colonel shook his head. "I am but a plain soldier," he said; "I am weary of plots and counterplots, and the intrigues of kings and courtiers; I would we were once more fighting in the open, shoulder to shoulder; not going about with troops to take prisoners those suspected of the king; 'tis a hole-and-corner business, and I have no stomach for it. My King might have sent other and better men. It seems a laughable thing to take so many to guard so few, and if it were not for the evil state of the roads, and the talk of rescue parties, I would have left some of my men at York."

"But about Mistress Dorothy," broke in Hugh, hiding his impatience as best he might, "of what is she accused?"

"The Rye House plot again. They killed her cousin for't, and her father's friend, Lord Russell, and now suspicion has fallen upon her."

"The proof, what is the proof?" asked the young man feverishly.

"Of that I know nothing; my part is to carry out orders, to bring her safe to London, and Hugh, my lad, 'tis yours too, for we serve the same master."

The stalwart cavalier groaned and flung out of the tent, betaking himself to guard, in turn with his men, his mistress' sleeping chamber, and battle with the problem beneath the stars.

Next morning they set out early; Mistress Dorothy looked very fresh and fair, as she bid a trooper help her to mount, but she swore with many a stamp of the foot, that she had not slept one brief moment, so rough the sheets and of such discomfort her surroundings.

"Yet you look well rested, Mistress," said the Colonel maliciously. His eyes fell on the haggard face of the young cavalier. "Methinks Sir Hugh doth seem as if he might have juster cause of complaint."

Hugh flushed and declared he had slept soundly, while Mistress Dorothy, with an upward tilt of her chin, scornfully returned, "I for my part see not what the sleep of my gaolers and common soldiers have to do with my want of rest."

The Colonel after a pitying glance at

Hugh, withdrew, and the small party set forth for another day's journey.

Mistress Dorothy was strangely silent, seemingly wrapped in thought; now and then her eyes would rest on her gaoler's face with speculative glance. As the afternoon drew on, she reined in her horse. "You may ride with me," she said graciously to Sir Hugh, "but send on those men, for I am weary of the stolid stare of their wooden faces." This she said aloud before them, caring little that those so much her inferiors should hear.

Sir Hugh hesitated; then after a glance at her smiling lips he motioned the men to ride in front.

After a little while she let her rein lie loosely upon the horse's neck; her pace grew slower and slower. "Oh, I am so tired!" she exclaimed with a great sigh, her figure drooping wearily.

Hugh was all tender concern and anxiety in a moment; it filled him with dismay to think of the distance they had yet to go. "What can I do for your comfort?" he asked eagerly, "I prithee command me."

The girl watched the last horseman vanish down the curve of the road. "If I might dismount for a space, methinks I could start fresh again," she said pleadingly.

"You shall have your way," he answered, "though, alas! 'tis but a few short moments I can promise you, for we needs must get up to the rest before an hour has passed. Will you rest on this bank, Mistress?" pointing to a moss-covered slope, and offering her his hand to dismount.

"Lift me down," she said wearily, "I have no strength left."

Full of tenderest compassion the cavalier put his arms round the girl, marvelling at the sudden change of her humours; holding her closely in his embrace. "Shall I carry thee to the bank, Dorothy?" he asked, looking into her eyes.

Her lids drooped sleepily, and her head fell heavily against his shoulder. "Ay, do," she murmured drowsily.

"Dear Heart!" he whispered.

He put her down against the bank, where she half sat, half lay, with closed eyes. "Oh, I am so parched with

thirst!" she complained plaintively. "The dust got into my mouth and eyes. Fetch me water, Sir Hugh, lest I die of thirst."

The young man looked round dismayed. "There is no water, sweetheart," he said regretfully, kneeling beside her, and gazing with alarm into her inanimate face. "We'll get some from the troops when we set forth."

"T'will be too late then!" she cried pettishly, "and I thought you would do that small service for me. We passed a stream not long ago; go you and fetch water while I wait here and rest; perchance you can get some from a cottage and bring it hence in a pannikin."

"But I cannot leave you alone!" he exclaimed in dismay. "'Twould not be safe, fair one, the roads are dangerous . . ."

"I cannot mount till I have water,"

she persisted obstinately. "How can you be so cruel, Sir Hugh? I am fainting with weariness and thirst. 'Tis but a little thing I ask! I will conceal myself, if needs be, in this ditch, but I fear not passers-by. Now get you gone!"

He could not refuse her, and though his heart told him he was doing an unwise thing, he rode off to get water; but first he tied up her horse in a little incline out of sight and placed his pistol in her hand, "A shot will summon me, be I far or near," he said.

Her hand closed tightly round it; she looked at him strangely, 'Ay, I will use them if I must," she said with a flickering smile.

The cavalier rode on and on, but no signs of water or habitation met his anxious eyes, and ever he went a little further in the hope of spying some, for he could not bear to disappoint her.



"IT WAS EMPTY; THE HORSE ALSO WAS NOWHERE TO BE FOUND"

At last he reached a cottage and demanded water from there. It was given him in a little tin pannikin, for which he paid in gold.

It behoved him to ride slowly and warily back with his precious burden; his thoughts were busy with the girl he had left; he forgot her crime and peril of death, and remembered for the moment, only her sudden kindness and trust in him. He thought of how her tired face would light up with pleasure as she saw the water—perchance even with gratitude to him. His hopes began to soar higher than they had ever dared before, now that, for the first time in all his life, she had treated him not with contumely and mocking gibes, but rather with smiles and kind glances.

At last he came in sight of the hill whereon he had left the beautiful captive; he peered eagerly forward. A sudden shock of terror gripped him as he saw that the hill was deserted. "Please God she's safe!" he muttered, riding forward, fearful lest some of the ruffians that infested the road might have chanced upon her. Then he remembered the ditch where she was to lie securely hid at the first sign of suspicious passers-by. "Perchance she took me for one of a troop of rascals," he thought, going towards the ditch.

It was empty; the horse was also nowhere to be found.

He stood stunned for a moment, then an oath escaped his lips as the truth dawned upon him, "Fool that I was!" he cried, "not to read her strange kindness aright! She has betrayed me into folly."

When he thought of how she had laid the whole plan to his undoing, making a tool of him to her own ends, his face grew hard; he remembered her feigned weariness, his wasted compassion, her request for water, and how she had beguiled him into gratifying her whim. "She shall not escape, by God!" he muttered to himself, wheeling round and dashing the water to the ground with a curse. "I will bring her back; she can only have taken the road to the left, lest she should chance upon the troops or me. God grant that none of Lucas's rascals are abroad this day,

lest it go ill with her! Rash girl, to think, that she could win free in roads like this!"

He rode down the road at a furious rate, straining every nerve to overtake the runaway, his eyes aching with the intensity with which he stared in front of him.

He had ridden far and fast, but there was no sign of the girl; he spurred on, dashing down the road like one possessed. His efforts were not to go unrewarded, for suddenly at the bend of a lane, he caught a glimpse of a woman riding as if for dear life. He muttered an exclamation of thankfulness, and urged his horse yet a little faster.

Mistress Dorothy looked round and saw him; a terrible expression came into her eyes. To be baffled just at the last, when escape seemed so near and so certain! Her face was demonic as she strove in vain to make her horse gallop swiftly beyond the reach of her pursuer; but though a great strong brute, the animal was of a very different calibre to Sir Hugh's thorough-bred Arab, and possessed, moreover, of an obstinate temper.

Nearer and nearer came her captor, while glaring defiance over her shoulder she still strove to outpace him. At last his horse was scarcely a neck behind hers. She turned and faced him; her nostrils quivering; she raised the pistol he had left with her, and looked him between the eyes, "Will you turn back?" she demanded, in low intense tones.

He made no answer, but leaned forward to catch her rein.

She lowered the pistol and fired straight at his horse; there was a report, a puff of smoke, and the gallant animal went down. Hugh was flung over its head, but even in falling remembered his determination, and gripped the reins of the girl's horse, almost immediately regaining his feet.

Dorothy lashed her animal with no sparing hand, and then turned like a fury upon the man who held it. "Let go, or by God 'twill be the worse for you!" she cried struggling with the pistol.

Sir Hugh caught her wrist and took the dangerous weapon from her. She



flung herself forward and lashed savagely at him with her whip. "Won't you, won't you?" she exclaimed fiercely. "Come what may, I will escape!" She struck at his face as she spoke, laying it open from ear to chin in her blind passion.

In another moment, whip with pistol was in the cavalier's hand, and the girl, securely held by the wrists, on her feet beside him. He took no notice of her storm of vituperation; he neither heard nor heeded it; his thoughts were with the dying horse looking piteously into his face.

It had carried him brave and true for many years through many perilous wars, and because it had brought him safe through all, he had named it Victory; and now his old friend, who had been more to him than any man knew, would carry him no more through the roar of battle, for its day was done, its life taken by the wanton hand of the woman he loved.

He gave her a look of bitter reproach, and knelt, still holding his struggling captive, by the dying animal's side, "Good-bye, old friend, true comrade," he said in unsteady tones, laying his disengaged hand on the creature's satin neck.

Dorothy glanced round like a bird caught in a snare; she looked at the pale, sorrowful face of the man kneeling by the groaning horse, and averted her eyes; then she stared down the long, empty road. Her face grew set again, her eyes baleful; she seemed to make up her mind to some desperate course, and, bending her head, she bit savagely into her captor's hand.

Uttering an exclamation of surprise and pain, Hugh let go his hold of her, but when he saw her flying for dear life to her horse, which a few yards away cropped the wayside grass, and strive to gain the saddle, he was after her in a second, catching her just as her foot was in the stirrup. "You little devil!" he cried with vehemence, giving her a slight shake, "You are like to drive me mad. Try me not too far, Mistress, I am in no mood to be trifled with, I warn you."

"How dare you," she gasped, fighting like a little cat in his grasp.

"What mean you by such words and violence?"

He pulled her back to the side of the recumbent horse, this time holding her in a very different manner, for one arm was tightly round her, pinioning her arms to her side; her fierce looks and words availed her nothing.

Victory turned its dying eyes to its master for the last time, and with a slight groan rolled over dead.

Hugh turned away with a heavy sigh. "Look at your work!" he cried. "The best horse, ay, and friend, that man ever had!"

But Mistress Dorothy would not look.

"Where are you taking me?" she demanded sullenly. "There are no ropes with which to bind me, and only one horse."

"I will make shift to do without ropes," he answered grimly; "as for the rest, you will ride before me, Mistress, for we must regain the troop without delay, and you have only yourself to thank if you like not this mode of conveyance."

"Ride before you?" she echoed, "like a captive, a slave girl, never!"

"The time has gone by for you to command, you will now obey," he said sternly, smarting from the cut on his face and bite in his hand, but most of all to find her so cruel and treacherous.

He put her on the horse, and springing up himself, held her in front of him; hating himself that the mere contact made his pulses thrill. Surely he was worse than fool to love such a one. Yet in his heart he sought to find excuses for her.

"'Tis an outrage!" she cried, pressing him from her.

He held her hands with fierce tenderness. As he bent over her, the blood running down his cheek fell on her white kerchief, spotting it, and his hand stained hers.

"What is that?" she asked startled.

For answer he shrugged his shoulders and urged the horse on.

She looked at the bleeding cut across his face and then at his hand.

"Did I do that?" she gasped horrified.

"Nay, you knew not what you did," he answered gently, moved at the penitence on her face; "'tis naught."

To his dismay she burst into tears. "Oh, you might have let me go," she wept. "How cruel you are! How can you have the heart to send me to the block, after all you've professed for me?"

He winced. "The roads were not safe," he said softly, "else maybe I had let you go."

"A pretty excuse, truly!" petulantly: "I hate you! You are a coward and merciless!"

Just as he was going to reply, a shout hailed them from the front; riding towards them was the Colonel at the head of a small troop. As he came nearer, Hugh saw that his face was very pale and anxious, but it lighted up as he saw the girl on the saddle. "God's life! but I feared she had made her escape and that you had been like to lose your head, lad," he exclaimed thankfully.

Dorothy looked from one to the other startled. This aspect of the case had never struck her. "I'm right glad I did not win free!" she whispered fervently to herself, while aloud she said, tossing her head scornfully, "Have no fear, Sir Colonel, Sir Hugh of Lenkaster sets great store on that big unsightly head of his."

Hugh had dismounted, and was leading the animal. "There was no escape," he said steadily, avoiding his Colonel's eyes, "an accident, that was all. We chanced upon a—a man of the road who shot Victory."

There was an eager inquiry for particulars of the adventure, but little could be learned from Sir Hugh. "'Twas naught—a troublesome fellow," he said impatiently.

Dorothy glanced up with a mutinous mouth. "I like not these accidents, nor the guard you give me, sir," she exclaimed angrily to the Colonel. "Mark you, evil will come of it if I have not another guard."

Hugh's eyes flashed, but he held his peace. The Colonel, however, whom fear lest evil might have befallen had made captious, told her in no gallant tones to hold her tongue. "You are strangely unmindful of the position you hold!" he said harshly. "You will obey commands, Madam Prisoner."

"This is *your* doing. Are you not

yet content with all the misery you have heaped upon me?" the girl cried in a furious whisper to Hugh.

"Did the rascal get a slash at you?" asked the Colonel, glancing wonderingly at the Cavalier's bleeding cheek.

Mistress Dorothy's face whitened, and she shrank back, shamed for the moment into silence.

The Cavalier made light of the matter, declaring it a mere scratch.

## CHAPTER II.

THEY stayed that night, and the next, at country inns, and Mistress Dorothy could find little to complain of in her lodgings; yet she would ever seek something to find fault with, leading her gaoler no easy life.

Her tongue grew more bitter day by day, her shafts more unreasonable; but sometimes, when her eyes fell on the livid scar across the Cavalier's cheek, she would relapse into silence for a space, covertly glancing at the scar the while, but whatever her feelings, she spoke not of repentance, nor looked ashamed.

The third night the troop had only a tent in a field by the wayside to offer its haughty captive, and, with many complaints, she was fain to seek what rest she could within it.

The evening was faintly illumined with the moon—clear, but cold. She shivered as she passed the man she called her gaoler, and swore she would be but a frozen corpse in the morning. He looked at her strangely, but made no reply, glancing meaningly at the open ears of the four men.

Mistress Dorothy had hardly laid her head on the pillow, when she became conscious of her gaoler's voice. "Mistress Dorothy," he called softly, "Mistress Dorothy! Grant me speech with you for a moment.

"What mean you, sir?" she demanded angrily.

"I prithee not so loud. Come outside. What say you to freedom?"

His tones were low, but the girl heard every word, and, dressing hastily, joined him outside the tent.

She found him quite alone, anxiously awaiting her. None of the men were in sight, and she noticed that her tent

stood apart from the rest by the side of a little lane, running near the field.

She caught his arm, and looked up into his face, noting his pallor, and how lividly the purple weal showed. "Say what you have to say quickly," she whispered. "What mean you by freedom?"

"Listen," he returned rapidly, "you must escape this very night. I would not let you go that day because of the evil state of the roads, and the hopelessness of your winning free; but to-night we lie close to the coast, and 'twill be no very difficult matter to get thence and thus into France, whither no king can harm you. There is a boat will set sail this eve. What say you, Mistress Dorothy?"

"And you——?" she asked coldly.

"I will see you safe to the boat," he answered hurriedly; "but there is little time to waste. I must be back here by morn."

"Why?" she demanded sharply.

He made no answer, urging upon her the need of haste. "I will wait you in the lane with the horses; you can creep through the hedge without being seen; only I pray you haste!"

"I will not go," she said.

"Not go!" he echoed blankly, turning very pale. "Nay, think a little. You are over young—and fair, to die or suffer imprisonment. Go you must!" He caught her hand as he spoke, and tried to draw her towards the hedge.

"Release me!" she commanded curtly. "I am no child to obey thus easily. I will not go."

"Oh, Dorothy!" he pleaded brokenly, "can nothing move you?"

She turned away. "There is one thing," she said slowly, looking at him over her shoulder.

"And that?" eagerly.

"That you escape with me. I like you not, Sir Gaoler, so pride not yourself; but I will not win free at the cost of your life."

In spite of the coldness of her words and attitude, his face lit up. "You are a right brave and noble maid!" he said, deeply moved. Then his countenance fell again as he thought of her fate if she persisted in remaining, and he pleaded

passionately with her to effect her escape.

"Put you yourself also beyond reach of the king's anger and I will do your bidding," she returned obstinately.

He gazed at her despairingly, "Would you have me doubly traitor to my master?" he asked bitterly. "Have I not betrayed him once already when I bid you fly, that you seek to make me coward also? Nay, I am a man, and I will meet his wrath like one, happy, and caring not what befall, if I know you free in sunny France."

"Will *nothing* change you?" she murmured, coming very close to him and looking with meaning into his eyes.

He stooped till their faces were on a level, and gazed into her great dark eyes. "What do you mean?" he whispered hoarsely, "Do not tempt me beyond my strength."

Her eyes met his squarely. "I will mean whatever you wish me to mean, if you will yield," she said softly.

There was a long silence; the girl stood half-smiling, half-scornful, as she thought of the great might of her power over this man, who all his life had gone his own straight, upright way, uninfluenced by man or woman, but yet at her bidding and for her sake, would stoop even to a coward's and traitor's part; while he wrestled with the greatest temptation he had ever known. Try as he would he could see naught but a vision of what his life might still be under the laughing blue skies of France with the girl he loved as his wife, broken and dishonored though it might be in the eyes of king and comrades. He would not look at her, fearing lest his last shred of resolution would slip from him at the glance of her eyes. "I should be unworthy of any man's respect, or of—any woman's love," he said at length, his eyes on the ground. "Nay, Mistress Dorothy, not even for you, will I do this thing."

She started as if she believed she had hardly heard aright, but the look on his white, haggard face was unmistakable. She went towards the tent; at the door she paused, and looking at him with a face as pale as his own, said very slowly and icily, "Fear not, Sir Gaoler, I ask no more favours of you

this side of the block; one thing I would have you remember, talk not glibly of woman's love till you have gained a larger measure than the measure of dislike and scorn."

Then she went inside, and the canvas falling behind her, hid her from his eyes.

After that night she would speak no more with Sir Hugh, treating him with cold silent scorn, and looks of hatred that cut him like a knife, minding ever that he rode behind her, and it was in this fashion they entered London.

### CHAPTER III.

THE king was sitting alone, save for two of his gentlemen, in his little ante-chamber; he was yawning wearily, and seemed but in an indifferent temper, and when there came a message praying that Sir Hugh Lenkaster might have audience with him, he frowned. "Bid him enter," he said peevishly. "I would I might have been left this hour in peace."

The words had scarcely left his lips before Sir Hugh, looking pale and haggard, entered and kissed his hand.

Charles glanced curiously at the big Cavalier, then as his eyes fell upon his travel-stained attire, his frown grew darker. "What means these soiled garments, Sir Hugh?" he demanded sharply. "Is this the garb meet for a King's eyes? Hast no respect, sir?"

"Oh, sire," murmured Hugh, a flush rising to his face at the reproof, "I pray you of your mercy pardon what was never meant for disrespect, my errand was so urgent I thought not of my attire; I beg you listen to my petition."

"Petitions, always petitions!" burst out the King, "God's life, man! dost think England's king sits on the throne to listen to petitions?"

"Oh, your majesty, one moment!" implored the Cavalier, throwing himself at the King's feet, and breaking into incoherent prayers for mercy for Mistress Dorothy Masters.

"I don't understand a word," broke out the King impatiently, "speak plain, man."

So while the King listened with a wearied air, and the two gentlemen

tittered to themselves, Sir Hugh pleaded passionately for the girl he loved, excusing her crime in one breath and denying it in another; altogether, making but a sorry matter of the affair. He was too much in earnest to be a good or eloquent pleader, yet all the same he conveyed more than he thought to the King, who was no fool.

"I have audience with the girl this very day," Charles said coldly, "I will see what she has to say in her own defence; let's hope her tongue, being woman's, will do her better service than thine."

"She comes even now, your Majesty," answered Hugh. "'Twas why I came so hastily to present my petition first. Oh, Sire, in your great graciousness you will be merciful? She knew not what she did."

The King waved him impatiently aside. "Stay you here till the maid comes," he said curtly. Then he began conversing in a low tone with his gentlemen. His manner was animated, and Hugh, standing racked with suspense, heard every now and then little bursts of laughter, and felt quizzical glances turned in his direction. His heart was full of bitterness, and his hopes fell; it seemed to him that he had done more harm than good. Of what stuff could the king be made that he could jest at the despair of a subject who had served him loyally for many years, in peace and in war?

There was a stir beyond in the audience-chamber, and Hugh beheld Mistress Dorothy, walking very straight by the side of the Colonel, being ushered into the King's presence. The room swam before his eyes, so for a moment he saw not what passed. Then he beheld the girl standing in silence a little way from the King, while Charles looked her over as one that knew the good points of a woman. Her beauty helped to plead her cause in the eyes of the beauty-loving King, better than the broken prayers of the man who loved her.

"And so, Mistress, you would unseat kings?" said Charles, with a faint smile at the small frail figure of the plotter.

Dorothy lifted up her head, and looked him straight in the eyes. "Nay, your

Majesty," she answered fearlessly, "of that I am not guilty; though I do confess that I sought to remove one who is ever at your side an evil and cruel counsellor—the Duke of York."

There was a chilling silence; Hugh held his breath with consternation; he feared the cause was lost.

To the amazement of all, the King only laughed lightly. "That is a different matter," he said, his eyes dwelling with amusement on the girl's pale, defiant face. "'Tis well for you, mistress, that his Highness is busily employed in France. I liked not the thought that so fair a maid should have plotted against one who is ever a true servant and worshipper at the shrine of beauty; yet 'tis a serious thing that you should seek my brother's life, and I fear me, mistress, that you must do penance on the block for your crime."

Mistress Dorothy's head was still erect. "As you will, Sir," she answered, with airy indifference.

The King laughed softly, still looking searchingly at her.

"Oh sire, sire!" implored Hugh, starting forward, and breaking into despairing prayers.

"God's life, man! can I leave her to plot 'gainst our royal lives?" asked the King, with a fierce semblance of anger. "Wilt be responsible for her if I let her go?"

"I would do my best," replied the Cavalier bewildered, while Mistress Dorothy tossed her head.

"Come hither, you two," cried the King suddenly, after a moment's silence. "I have a remedy I think will meet the case."

They came forward wondering, both hopeful, for with all her show of indifference the girl's heart was faint at the thought of death. Charles took her hand and held it firmly in his own; then—rather reluctantly—he placed it in the astonished Cavalier's, and looked at him with sternness. "See to't," he solemnly adjured him, "that she becomes a true and loyal subject. Her life is forfeit to the law, but because you pleaded right gallantly for't, ay, though you knew it not, I give it to you to do with as you will. Take her, Sir Hugh of Lenkaster, take her and keep

her as your wife. 'Twill be you that art held responsible if aught befalls. Bring her to your castle—'tis a goodly one, meet for such a bride—and let her spend one year there at the pleasure of King and husband, and say not the King is deaf to the prayers of loyal subjects."

Hugh's face grew radiant till he met the girl's eyes, then a flush rose to his forehead, and he stammered as he strove to thank the King.

"Do I hold my life on that alone, your Majesty?" asked Dorothy.

"You do, fair mistress; we will have a right gay court wedding as soon as may be, we will place you in your husband's keeping without delay, so shall our minds be at rest."

"Then," she said slowly, glancing at the stalwart Cavalier out of the corner of her eyes, "by my faith I do prefer the block. I like not the husband you would thrust upon me, Sir."

Before the surprised King could reply, Sir Hugh was whispering to her to restrain her rashness. "I will leave you free," he said, "on mine honour as a soldier."

"You will be ready to take your marriage vows when I will, mistress," said the King sharply, with an angry glint in his eyes. "Methinks your gratitude be strangely wanting. I brook not objections to my commands. He dismissed them both with a wave of his hand as he spoke, and they went slowly out from his presence, not looking at one another.

The court wedding took place a few days later; never was bride more openly reluctant, or bridegroom more ill at ease.

The King himself saw them into the chaise that was to take them by many stages to Lenkaster Castle, and he graciously waved his handkerchief in farewell.

Inside the chaise they sat in opposite corners, eyeing one another furtively. The lady was the first to speak: "This is your work!" she cried, you did plot with the king for't, yet you've gained no wife, Sir Gaoler, so pride not yourself upon success."

"I did not plot with the King," he answered with anger; "you are unjust, my Lady Lenkaster: I sought but to

save you, and for the rest, you are free. I will take you to mine castle as the King commands, then I will away. I ask naught from one who hates me, save a silent tongue."

"Nay, then, not hate—dislike, perchance," said the bride, in softer tones.

"'Tis all the same," he answered gloomily. "Perchance freedom will come sooner than you deem."

"What mean you?" she asked quickly.

He made no answer.

"What mean you, Sir Hugh?" she demanded again.

But the bridegroom answered never a word.

Lady Lenkaster tossed her head, and muttered things unseemly. "You are a cheerful companion to be boxed up with, of a truth!" she burst out at length, resentfully. "Hast the vapours? Art ill, that you sit glowering and tongue-tied? I am like to die of weariness before my prison be reached. Hast had the best dungeon made ready for me, Sir Gaoler?"

"A special messenger has gone to prepare for your ladyship," replied Sir Hugh, curtly. He was glad when they came to the first break in their journey; never had Dorothy been so tormenting; not for a moment had she ceased her gibes, and it was a much-trying man who bade her good-night, turning, ere the words were said, back into the common-room of the little wayside inn, and asking not of her comfort, as yet he had never failed to do, and to trouble the landlord much concerning it.

She glanced at him, amazed that he should fail to ask if things were to her liking, and bit her lip, shutting her door with a bang that echoed through the passages.

"Good morrow, my Lady Lenkaster," he said next morning, as they met in the hall. "Wilt breakfast with me in the common room, or shall it be sent to your chamber?"

"I want no breakfast," she said sulkily.

He became all concern. "Hast slept ill?" he asked anxiously. "The room was the best I could obtain. Wilt rest awhile before we start?"

Just then the smell of a savoury stew

assailed her nostrils. "Dost want to starve me?" she demanded unreasonably.

He glanced at her astonished, but wisely said nothing, content with following her into the common-room, and attending to her wants at the breakfast table. They were not few, and though she found fault with everything she ate, yet she made a very tolerable meal—a much better one than the knight partook of.

As the first day had begun and ended, so in like manner did the others. Sir Hugh met with nothing save bitter speeches and plaints all the way. He was not sorry when the turrets of Lenkaster Castle came into view. At least there she would have naught to complain of in her lodgings. Yet trying, tormenting, unreasonable as she proved herself hour by hour and day by day, there were times when a softer look came into her eyes and voice, and she would look at him strangely, as if she did but play the part of a complaining termagant, liking it not over much, and his heart failed him when he thought of the farewell that must be taken—a farewell that would perchance be for ever.

#### CHAPTER IV.

IT was evening; the fire in the great hall of Lenkaster Castle flickered fitfully, reddening the cheek of Dorothy Lenkaster who sat close to it, looking into its depths, and shining on the purple scar across Sir Hugh's face where he stood a little apart, gazing wistfully at his wife. "Hast found all as it pleases you, my Lady Lenkaster?" he asked at length.

"'Twill serve for a prison," she replied, her eyes still on the fire.

"Then," he said, after a little pause, "I may leave you here in the charge of my steward?"

She looked up with a start. "I shall plot again," she said defiantly.

All of a sudden his face became dark with anger. "Would'st make me false to my promise, ungrateful for the King's mercy?" he demanded fiercely. "Art lost to all sense of what is womanly? Plot you shall not; no, not if I stay and guard you like a prisoner. Methinks you need it, mistress, and have no one but yourself to thank if I make this castle

a prison in very truth by my presence. I will be true to my King, though I was willing to leave you free."

She came and stood beside him. "Did I seek to be left?" she whispered.

"Ay, that you did," he answered coldly. "How oft hast not said you hated me, and would have me gone? Hast not proved it by your words and deeds?"

She looked at the scar which he would bear to his dying day, and tears came into her great, dark eyes. "Oh, I did not mean it!" she cried humbly, "I am a devil, an ingrate—what you will—but—you could make me other if you would, Sir Hugh."

He looked at her hopelessly. "Your moods are so many I must fain leave the reading of them to others more skilled than I. Farewell, Mistress Dorothy. There are times when I seem hateful to you, and times when I have thought

"What, what you thought?" she murmured, coming a step nearer.

He did not answer.

She placed a trembling hand on his arm; with the other she timidly touched the livid scar. "Did I hurt you, Hugh?" she whispered tremulously, "I was mad. Oh, I hated myself, but was too proud to sue for pardon. And your horse! Hugh, have you grown to hate me, that you will not say you forgive?"

"Hate you!" he cried passionately, his fingers closing tightly over hers, "Nay, Dorothy, of a surety you must know."

"And I bit your hand!" laying her lips upon it. "And—*what* must I know, Hugh?"



"I'VE NEVER CEASED TO LOVE THEE, SWEETHEART"

Her head was bowed on his arm, and Mistress Dorothy, the termagant of three counties, was weeping, her dark eyes looking up into his with whole-hearted surrender.

"That I've never ceased to love thee, sweetheart," he answered joyously, drawing her into his arms and bending his dark head over hers till their hair mingled, "but I will not tell thee any more. Methinks you have a word to say to me, Dear Heart!"

"But I will not say it," she answered mutinously. "Only this I will say, that of a truth I do consider God has given the King a little measure of wisdom."

GENEVA  
AND  
ITS  
ASSOCIA-  
TIONS

WRITTEN  
BY  
H. WARD  
  
ILLUSTRATED  
BY  
PHOTOGRAPHS



GENEVA HARBOUR, WITH J. J. ROUSSEAU'S ISLAND

**M**OST people will do their best to arrive at Geneva in time for dinner. They probably will not accomplish their object. By the time their luggage is through the douane, and a cab has conveyed it and them to a hotel, it will be nearer eight o'clock than seven. If they are wise, the hotel will be one of those on the Quai du Mont Blanc. They may, perhaps, be offered, as was the present writer, on his first visit to Geneva, the choice between a first-floor room with "an uninterrupted view of over the way," or a top-floor room overlooking the lake. They will glance at the lift, and pronounce for the lofty and beautiful in preference to the low and commonplace. They will not regret it. The jealousies are thrown open, one step on to the balcony, and there is a sight not to be forgotten. Immediately below is the lake-end, cut into shapes, like a proposition of Euclid, by jetties and bridges, with the island

of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, just large enough to hold half-a-dozen fine poplars. Little launches—the omnibuses of the harbour—are shooting in all directions. Beyond all this, on the other side of the lake, the old town of Geneva stands up round the Cathédral de St. Pierre, as it were at bay, and making its last stand against the new Geneva, which seems to have driven it to the only high ground within reach. Beyond this, again, in what artists would call the "middle distance," rise the precipitous white ramparts of Le Salève.

But the eye, glancing past these on the right, and the Abondance Mountains on the left, is caught and kept by the background. There at the end of the Arve Valley is the King of the Alps, the great white mountain, with the glow of the sun, which has set for us behind the Juras, still lighting up his "sky-pointing peaks" with the well-known pink of the abendglühen. Then, while we watch, the pink gra-



dually fades, and a deadly pallor, beginning low down, creeps slowly up the peak, till at last it absorbs the whole. It almost makes one shudder, so cold and dead does it seem. It is so different from the glistening white of the morning, or the delicate pink warmth of the sunset, and the change is so sudden that one involuntarily turns from it indoors, shuts the windows and jealousies, and turns on the light. If the sunset glow is mingled in the mind with a feeling of regret, this death-paleness has something in it akin to terror.

Who can wonder that Lake Lemman should be tourist-haunted! It is not romantic, like the Rhine, or magnificent with the magnificence of glaciers and snow-peaks, but for quiet beauty and peacefulness it has no rival. Looking at it in summer, one can hardly conceive it stormy, and it seems to have been made to be bathed in sunshine. Radiance is its characteristic. The little villages which dot its shores seem to smile in every chalet and church; while the tranquil purity of the lake itself, reflecting the almost cloudless blue of the summer heavens, would seem to symbolise quiet happiness. The mountains which surround it lend it protection; while, unlike the mountains of the Scotch lakes, they are not

near enough to add a note of sternness to its beauty. I remember once I stayed a night at Martigny, on my way from Chamounix. The morning I left, a terrific storm broke over that part of the Rhone valley; but, just as though storms had no power over the lake, when we reached Bouveret the sky above was blue and the whole lake radiant in the sun, though, looking back, we could see the black thunder-clouds still shrouding the Dent du Midi.

What a rest is the deep and yet transparent blue of the lake after the fierce, white glare of the Geneva streets! How exquisitely it sets off the white lateen sails of the lake boats! It is the usual poetical simile to compare boats to birds, but there is no boat that I ever saw which could be compared so fitly to a bird as these, with their pointed sails set crosswise. No one, however wedded to dull prose, could look at them a moment and not bethink him of the wings of a sea-gull.

What a host of names known to all the world does the name of Geneva and its lake call up! Rousseau and Voltaire, the genii of the French Revolution, the one born in Geneva itself, the other spending his last years not five miles from it. The island in the harbour still bears Jean-Jacques' name, while the Château Voltaire, at Ferney, with all



GENEVAN  
BOATS  
ON  
THE  
LAKE

its souvenirs of the monarch of the eighteenth century, is still the most interesting of the show places. The château is now private property, but the two rooms—his bedroom and sitting-room—are kept untouched, as he left them. Within a few steps of the house and inside the gate, is the chapel built by Voltaire, and inscribed "*Deo Erexit Voltaire.*" Here the atheist and anti-Christ, as the ignorant and bigoted delight in calling him, preached to the peasants and artisans of his village.

A long, low, dilapidated house in the village itself is pointed out as the Théâtre de Voltaire. Here, during the third quarter of last century, Voltaire's company acted, before the author and his circle of great and brilliant friends, the comedies and tragedies which this prodigy of the power of work found time to produce in the intervals of his other labours.

Lower down in the village, opposite the Mairie, is the statue of the Patriarch of Ferney. Most portraits disappoint sadly. This statue convinces at first sight. The head thrust forward, the mouth drawn in a bitter smile, even the eyes seeming to look through the external mask of some adversary, it must be a true likeness of the French laughing philosopher. On the pedestal below are recounted his titles to fame, not least among them his creation of Ferney, in every sense of the word. He found it a marsh, and left it a flourishing little town of watchmakers and silk weavers. Even now, more than a century since the champions of superstition rejoiced in the silencing by death of that bitter tongue, this little village is Voltaire's. It is even known as Ferney-Voltaire. If Rousseau, a native of Geneva, and Voltaire, the maker of Ferney, expressed the revolutionary spirit from the social and intellectual sides, the first intelligent criticism of the great upheaval is identified in the person of Madame de Staël with Coppet, a village on the banks of Lake Lemman, at no great distance from Ferney. Here the daughter of the

famous Necker, in her father's château, held her court like one of the great literary queens of the Louis-Quatorze time. Here assembled Sismondi the historian, Benjamin Constant the orator and novelist, Schlegel the philosopher and critic. Hither came Byron and Shelley. It was Madame de Staël who persuaded the former to attempt a reconciliation with his wife. It was here, as it were between the two countries, that the same hand brought about more successfully a more important *rapprochement*, the introduction of German literature and thought to France, and so to the world.

Lausanne was the home of Gibbon, and at the end of the lake is Glion, and the country of Sénancour, a kindred spirit in many ways with Rousseau and Madame de Staël. He is known to Englishmen chiefly through Matthew Arnold's lines to the author of the Obermann letters written from here.

Close by, Chillon's towers stand out into the lake, where, as Byron sings:

Lake Lemman lies by Chillon's walls;  
A thousand feet in depth below  
Its many waters meet and flow.

Here Bonnivard was entombed till he grew to love his chains, the champion of Geneva's liberty.

At Vevey lie buried two representatives of the English Revolution—Ludlow and Broughton, whose names are among the signatures of King Charles' death warrant.

Switzerland is *par excellence* the embodiment of Freedom, and nowhere in Switzerland are the associations of Freedom stronger than round the shores of Lake Lemman.

It has lately been only too cruelly associated with one of the most dastardly crimes ever committed in the name of Freedom. No state in Europe is a better example than Switzerland of the gulf that separates liberty and anarchy. May it never be said that these antipodes have anything in common.



SHUCKBURGH FROM THE SOUTH-EAST

# SHUCK- BURGH

WRITTEN

BY

"UNA"

ILLUSTRATED

BY

PHOTOGRAPHS



**HUCKBURGH** (Warwickshire) has been in the possession of the same family for over 700 years. It is situated in the very heart of the Midlands, amidst scenery which, if

not grand, has yet a tranquil loveliness which is peculiarly English. Warwickshire is full of historic interest, and its tales of chivalry and romance still linger, casting a glamour over everything, even in this prosaic 19th century. In these tales of bygone days, Shuckburgh bears its part, and not ignobly. Contrary to the general rule, the Shuckburghs seem to have taken their name from the lands they held, it being derived from the British *such*—a plow, and the Saxon *berge*—a hill, and the family are prouder of their ancient lineage than of the title, which dates from 1660.

The following account (given by Dr. Thomas, in his additions to Dugdale) of the way in which the honour of baronetcy came to be bestowed upon the family, deserves to be quoted verbatim :

"As King Charles I. marched to Edgcot, near Banbury, on the 23rd of

October, 1642 (the day previous to the battle), he saw a gentleman hunting in the fields, not far from Shuckburgh, with a very good pack of hounds ; upon which, fetching a deep sigh, he asked 'who that gentleman was that hunted so merrily that morning, when he was going to fight for his crown and dignity ?' and, being told that it was Richard Shuckburgh, of Upper Shuckburgh, he was ordered to be called to him, and was by him very graciously received. Upon which, he immediately went home, aroused all his tenants, and the next day attended him on the field, where he was knighted, and was present at the battle.

"After the taking of Banbury, and his Majesty's retreat from those parts, he went to his own seat and fortified himself on the top of Shuckburgh Hill. Here he was soon attacked by some of the Parliamentary forces, and defended himself till he fell with most of his tenants about him, but, being taken up, and life perceived in him, he was carried away prisoner to Kenilworth Castle, where he lay a considerable time, and was forced to purchase his liberty at a dear rate.

"Charles II. rewarded the son, John de Shuckburgh, by creating him a baronet."

Lower Shuckburgh village (which belongs to the family) is a peaceful and picturesque spot. It consists of some thirty cottages and farms, it is two miles from the nearest station, Flecknoe, and so primitive is the place, that it has neither post-office nor shop, and its only public-house was closed by Sir Francis Shuckburgh, the eighth baronet. The church, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, was entirely rebuilt in 1860 by Sir George Shuckburgh, aided by subscriptions from friends and villagers. It is a modern Gothic structure, charmingly situated, standing slightly off the road, with a background of trees. Hard by are the ancient stocks, which have been carefully preserved. The cottages, which are dotted about in a delightfully irregular fashion, speak eloquently of the thoughtful care bestowed upon them, and upon the dwellers therein. The school has been entirely supported by the Shuckburgh family for generations, and when the late baronet, Sir George, was compelled to place it under government inspection, the fact that the children passed 100 per cent. was naturally very gratifying to him. Upper

Shuckburgh church, which is, curiously enough, also dedicated to St. John the Baptist, and is one of the few remaining donatives in England, stands in the park, close to the Hall. It is of very ancient foundation, and formerly belonged to the nuns of Wroxhall Abbey. "After the dissolution of the monasteries, the rectory was granted to Sir John William Knight, who had licence to alien it the year following unto Thomas Shuckburgh, Esq., from whom it descended to Sir Richard Shuckburgh, aforementioned."\* In 1848 it was completely restored by Sir Francis Shuckburgh. The careful way in which the work was carried out, and the excellence of the materials employed, are remarkable, considering that it was done at a period when art was at its lowest ebb, and when restoration was wont to be synonymous with destruction. Probably the earliest portion of the existing building is the lower half of the tower, with its lancet window. The general appearance of the Church is that of a Perpendicular structure. Thanks to the iconoclastic zeal of the Roundheads, who sacked it after their victory here in 1642, only one window (in the south wall) can boast its pre-Reformation glass. For the same reason, the earliest remaining monu-

UPPER

SHUCKBURGH

CHURCH



ments are some well-preserved brasses on the floor of the chancel, which date from the 16th century. Beginning with these brasses (which are reproduced in Dugdale) the monuments in Upper Shuckburgh church form a most interesting series down to the present time, including, as they do, the magnificent altar tomb, with the recumbent figures of John Shuckburgh and Margery, his wife, which has been restored, painted and gilded: two beautiful mural tablets, by Flaxman, and some admirable modern work by Armstead, Drury and Waller. During the restoration, a mortuary chapel was added (the vaults being full), and into this was removed the altar tomb, together with that of Sir Richard Shuckburgh, Kt., these large monuments having previously blocked up the chancel. The iron gates into the chapel are worthy of notice for their fine workmanship. The chancel roof is of oak, with richly-carved bosses and brackets. The chancel screen, also of oak, is in the Perpendicular style. The exterior of the church is no less pleasing, it stands in an ideal God's acre, which is kept like a garden; not a daisy daring to show its face on the closely-shaven turf, which is sheltered by some grand old trees.

Two bas-reliefs of Renaissance work have been inserted in the south wall of the mortuary chapel; these came from Cardinal Wolsey's palace at Esher, and are considered by connoisseurs to be extremely beautiful. The south porch was pulled down when the church was restored, and rebuilt on the north side, the south door being blocked up. Into the porch have been inserted two small carved figures, presumably relics of an older church. The churchyard is separated only by a light iron fence from the deer park. The herd consists of some 80 head of "menil" coloured fallow deer, of which the Shuckburghs are justly proud, there being only five other parks in England in which *pure* herds of this variety can be seen. The late Richard Jefferies was of opinion that "a park without deer is like a wall without pictures," and undoubtedly these graceful animals add just that touch of life and motion to a view, without which the loveliest of

sylvan scenery is incomplete. It is not certainly known when fallow deer were first introduced into this country, but it is believed that the Romans brought them to England. Many deer-parks were enclosed after the Norman Conquest, when the Barons settled down upon the estates they had carved out for themselves, and such parks were far more common before the Civil War than they are at the present time. The Roundheads were as hostile to parks as to churches, consequently many of our English deer-parks date only from the reign of Charles II. The precise date of that of Shuckburgh is not known, but it is one of the oldest in England. Almost every park, whether large or small, has its own peculiar excellence, and to Shuckburgh must be conceded a pre-eminence in variety of timber. Shuckburgh, as it now appears, owes much to Sir Francis, the eighth baronet, who spent a lifetime in the improvement of his property, and whose remarkable knowledge of forestry and landscape gardening enabled him to plant for posterity, so that his descendants now reap the results of his judgment and forethought. In the soil of Shuckburgh—a rich, deep loam—oaks and elms attain to a large size, and besides these forest trees, may be seen, both in park and pleasure-ground, many choice conifers, and a wealth of rhododendrons and other flowering shrubs. Of the specimen trees, which number, perhaps, 100, the wych elm in the park is the most famous; its girth (at 4 ft. from the ground) is 20 ft. 9 in., the graceful downward sweep of its massive branches is admired by all visitors, and it has been measured over and over again by those who interest themselves in such matters. A Turkey oak, planted by Sir Francis, in 1824, has magnificent spreading branches, the longest of which measures 56 feet from stem to top. Sir Francis also planted many of the beautiful cedars, whose dark foliage, by enhancing the lighter tones of green in the pleasure-grounds, produces that depth and variety of colour which is so grateful to the eye. Probably the oldest tree on the estate is a grand old elm, close to Lower Shuckburgh Church, which is believed to have been

planted in 1512. After nearly 400 years of storm and sunshine, this forest king is but a mere wreck of its pristine splendour; if entire its girth would be 21½ feet. In the churchyard of Upper Shuckburgh, perhaps the finest tree is a stone pine, but it is rivalled by a Wellingtonia (whose days, alas! are numbered), which was one of the first planted in England, and is thought to have attained to a greater height than any other in this country. From the "Gun Lawn"—a sheltered terrace levelled at the crown of a hill for the reception of an old Spanish gun—a magnificent bird's eye view of Warwickshire is obtainable. The country below is spread out like a map before the spectator. In the blue distance the Malvern Hills can plainly be seen, and in exceptionally clear weather, it is possible to discern the Wrekin in Shropshire, full forty miles away, without the aid of a glass! A fine sunset viewed from this point is a sight never to be forgotten. There is plenty of wild life at Shuckburgh; a naturalist would delight in the great variety of birds to be found there, enlivening the places with their many-voiced melodies, or startling the silence of the woodlands with shrill and harsh cries, as the case may be. An immense colony of rooks

seem as much part of Shuckburgh as the groups of elms in which they have nested for generations. The plaintive love songs of wood pigeons are well-nigh incessant throughout the long warm summer days. Perhaps of all the sylvan voices theirs are the most soothing, ever associated in the mind as they are, with absolute stillness and repose. Owls commence to hoot and scream shortly after the sunset hour, indeed there is scarce a pause of breathless silence between the last caw of a belated rook, and the first weird cry of the bird of wisdom.

The house is, perhaps, less interesting to a stranger than the universally admired park and pleasure. Originally a red brick structure, it has been so frequently altered and added to by various members of the family, that an early Shuckburgh would certainly not recognise it as the same abode. The last alteration consisted in adding an entire new frontage in the Italian style, which was so greatly in vogue a century since.

In the large billiard room is a very remarkable collection of china, and there are curios brought from all parts of the world by different members of the family. Amongst the many objects of interest, mention must be made of the valuable



SHUCKBURGH,

VIEW  
FROM THE  
TERRACE

Astrolabe, which was looted at Cabul by the late Major Shuckburgh of the 9th Regiment, and also of a "Black Jack," with the date 1647 inscribed upon it. There are cases of rare and curious shells, etc., collected at a time when the treasures of the deep were not so easily accessible as in these days of increased facilities for foreign travel. On the staircase is a stained glass window in memory of the incident already recorded of the knighting of Richard Shuckburgh at Edghill. Above the portraits of their majesties Charles I. and Charles II. (the former copied from the famous Vandyck), are blazoned the arms of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and those of Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, ancestors of the Shuckburghs; below are the Shuckburgh arms, sable a chevron, betwixt three astroites argent, and the crest a black moor couped at the waist ppr., with a fillet on head, and a dart in dexter hand, and the motto: "*Hæc manus ob patriam.*"

The present Lady Shuckburgh holds the estate in trust for her son, Sir Stewkley, tenth baronet, who is a minor. Lady Shuckburgh is the daughter of of the late Frederick Robertson, of Brighton, and she takes, as might be expected, the greatest possible interest

in the welfare of her tenantry. The whole place is admirably kept up, and reflects great credit on the gardeners and woodmen, many of whom are old and valued servants. No account of Shuckburgh would be complete without some allusion to the excellent sport it affords to fox-hunters. It is a favourite meet of the Warwickshire hounds, M.F.H. Lord Willoughby de Broke, and but rarely are the Shuckburgh coverts drawn blank. Many a gallant reynard has given his pursuers a fast thing from the Shuckburgh spinneys across some of the stiffest country in the Midlands. Foxes have frequently been killed on the lawn, and two actually in the house! One many years ago was done to death in the drawing-room, and another more recently, in the housekeeper's room. Though Shuckburgh is by no means a show place, people are allowed (by special permission from the present owner), to walk in the grounds and to picnic in the park. This privilege is greatly appreciated by country lovers, for indeed nature has been lavish in her gifts to this favoured spot, which even in an age of rush and hurry, retains something of that quality which made it in mediæval days "a haunt of ancient peace."



HIDDEN

SOME

NATURE

WONDERS

REVEALED :

OF A BEE

WRITTEN

AND

ILLUSTRATED

BY

JAMES

SCOTT



MAN has for hundreds of years made a great favourite of that extremely interesting insect, the bee. Innumerable volumes have been written by students of its habits and industry, and still its attractions have not yet faded. Entomologists are continually discovering something fresh concerning its life-history. But as I am convinced that there remain many people—especially among the younger generation—who are not conversant with even its ordinary habits and formation, I am writing these brief notes, and providing these few drawings, for the purpose of tempting such readers into making a closer acquaintance with it.

There are many kinds of bees, some of which work as masons; some as leaf-cutters, in order to line their nests with pieces of leaves; and some as tunnel-borers. It is, however, the hive bee which shall be taken as our text on the present occasion.

When you are persuaded to eat honey, bear in mind that *it is made by the bee*. It is not, as is commonly supposed, discovered by the insects within the brilliant flowers growing from the land. Certainly, the essential substance in the manufacture of honey is withdrawn from flowers, but this juice, known as nectar, is also taken therefrom by other insects besides the bee, especially by butterflies, which cannot make honey.

This delicious and familiar commodity is a combination of certain chemical ingredients produced by the bee,

mixed into a paste with the nectar from flowers. The process of manufacture is too complicated a one to be detailed here, but I have furnished an illustration of the instruments with which it is made.



THE "TONGUE" OF A HIVE BEE, with which it makes honey (magnified)

A front view of the head of a honey bee, with its so-called tongue, is given. The two large dotted spots are its compound eyes, consisting of hundreds of minute lenses in two batches; whilst the three white dots on top depict a group of tiny simple eyes. It is supposed by some naturalists that one set of orbs enable the insects to see during daylight, and that the remainder provide them with vision through the hours of darkness.

Between the eyes may be observed the peculiar pair of horns, called antennæ. Suspended below the head is a combination of contrivances which call for further attention, and of which an illustration is given. The bee uses a pair of strange jaws, which work in



an opposite direction to our own. I can best describe their action by suggesting that a pair of scissors be held perpendicularly, with their points downwards. If the scissors are then used for cutting purposes whilst so held, the movements of the blades would be *almost* identical with those of a bee's jaws.

Strictly speaking, the tongue is a *trunk*, with accessories which are really natural tools. In the illustration the trunk is plainly shown as the central object. When the bee alights upon a flower, it uses the objects shown at the sides of the trunk for the purpose of pushing aside various impediments to its downward progress. You all know that a flower contains tiny stalks standing erect, or outspreading like miniature canes. These are held aside while the bee probes into the compartment which judgment, based on instinct, tells it conceals the coveted nectar. Down, down, down goes the curious trunk, imbibing the nectar like an elephant sucks water, and retaining it as an elephant can retain *his* liquor, until home is reached, when it will proceed to transform it into *honey*.

Each hind leg of a working bee is greatly widened, and furnished with a basket arrangement, which enables the insect to carry home the dust from the insides of flowers. Here let me say that this dust will adhere to one's fingers when a flower is held; and although each grain is practically in-

visible to *our* eyes, the whole bulk of the dust is to a bee very much the same as a handful of nuts is to a lad, and also serves very much for the same purpose, *viz.*, tasty food.

In the drawing a magnified complete hind leg is shown, so that you may note the comparatively excessive width of the basket segment of the limb. The basket itself is given on a still larger scale. Its opening is mouth-shaped, and provided with a row of bold teeth, which serve to retain the pollen-dust. Although from the general appearance you might imagine that the basket was formed similarly to a wicker article by lattice-work, the effect is really produced by a large number of minute hairs, very regularly placed in parallel rows across the limb.

Have you ever felt the sting of a bee? I hope you have not. It has been my displeasure to, and I can attest that it was a decidedly painful experience. I did not know then—when I was a mere inquisitive boy—that my neck had been pierced by one of the most remarkable weapons ever devised by Nature. Look at the illustrations. Examine them well; and then thank Dame Nature that she did not make bees so large as horses and cows. It would only prove tedious reading for the casual reader to be told about the precise formation of the parts which together comprise a sting, but they consist chiefly of a sheath into which fit two barbed spears. When



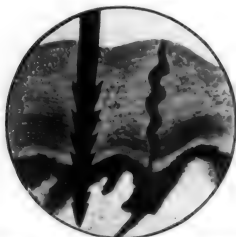
ONE OF A WORKER BEE'S HIND LEGS, displaying the peculiar basket in which it carries pollen, *i.e.*, the fertilising dust of flowers (magnified)



A STING OF A BEE, WITH THE POISON BAG. The insect can divide the sting as shown, when it so desires (magnified)

the latter are united, they constitute the actual sting, and form a neat tube, along which a kind of poison runs from a bag (shown in the drawing) at the instant that the flesh is penetrated. The poison bag is, of course, contained within the body of the bee, but the sting can be either thrust therefrom or concealed from view. Note the array of barbs on this remarkable weapon.

In this connection I hope I may, by supplying a drawing of a section of human skin, add further interest to this short paper. You have heard that



IMMENSELY MAGNIFIED POINT OF A BEE'S STING EMBEDDED IN HUMAN FLESH. The spiral represents a perspiration tube in the skin

our cuticle is pierced with millions of minute holes called pores, which allow healthy drainage, in the form of perspiration, to take place. It is only with the aid of a powerful microscope that these minute channels may be detected. The illustration depicts a piece of human skin cut downwards, and in it is embedded the point of a bee's sting, its extremity only just penetrating the flesh. The spiral channel represents the perspiration tubes of the skin, and is enormously magnified. All the tubes are corkscrew-shaped, and communicate with glands nicely concealed beneath the skin. It must be understood that the view given in the drawing is an *edgewise* one, from which fact you may form an idea of how greatly the objects are magnified. You can hardly see a bee's sting with the naked eye, yet here you have it like a thick rod.

The toothed or barbed portion corresponds in length to about the thickness of our skin, as depicted.

It is not generally known that the female bee's sting (it is considered that only the females possess stings) is used for an entirely different and more useful purpose than that of inflicting pain. Yet such is the case. The sting performs the function of an egg-layer, and along the interior of it the eggs pass singly, and can be safely deposited in snug corners of the honeycomb. These eggs are tiny white things, sausage-shaped, but compressed along the middle.

There still remains another curiosity connected with the structure of a bee. It is portrayed in one of the illustrations. On each of certain legs of these interesting insects there is an apparatus which must be described as a combined comb and brush. It is used for maintaining the horns in a condition of cleanliness. I should here state that all



A WONDERFUL COMB ON A WORKER BEE'S LEG, used to clean its feelers or "horns" with (magnified)

insects can move their horns, unlike bulls, goats, stags, etc., either forwards, backwards over their heads, or beneath their bodies while the head is held still, and thus bring them into contact with their strange toilet accessories.

A horn is given enlarged in one of the sketches, in which also is shown the top joint and a portion of the second segment magnified many thousands of times, in order to show its figured and hairy surface. The thickness of a horn



ONE OF THE "HORNS" OF A HIVE BEE, GREATLY MAGNIFIED. Also the top joint of the "horn," immensely enlarged to the proportions of the comb

is such that it just about fits into the crescent-shaped comb, and the integument attached to the leg muscles is undoubtedly used to press the horn within the curve whilst it is being pulled through it.

A complete leg, less highly magnified, is shown, so that the actual position occupied by the comb may be noted.

Each hive contains a family, consisting of a queen, who has an enormous number of husbands. In addition, there is a large concourse of slaves—worker bees—to whom most of my previous remarks apply. I have given only a meagre account of bees, but what has been narrated will repay attention.



## ECHOES FROM OLD FRANCE.—I.

(DU BELLAY'S "HEUREUX QUI COMME ULYSSE," ETC.)

THRICE-HAPPY who, voyaging long o'er lands and seas,  
Toil-worn as erst Ulysses, or the bold  
Sea-rover and riever of the Fleece of Gold,  
Wins leisure at length, and home, and lifelong ease.  
When shall I view once more amid the trees  
The smoke of mine own village? When behold,  
Niched in its narrow combe, my cottage of old?  
Dearer to me than royal realms are these.

Dearer to me the slate-roofs of my home  
Than Angelo's frowning pile, than Peter's dome  
Crowning the imperial city. Yea, to me  
Dearer my Loire than Tiber's thunder and foam,  
My Lyré than the seven proud hills of Rome,  
And Anjou's winnowing breezes than the sea.

J. J. ELLIS.



ST. CATHERINE'S COURT

*From Photo by W. HINDS, Eng.*

SIDE  
LIGHTS  
ON  
SOMERSETSHIRE :

WRITTEN BY "GLENAVON"

No. II.—

"A

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

WEST

COUNTRY

MANOR "

**I**SOMETIMES think I must have gipsy blood in my veins; anyway, there are days when Dame Nature calls me from book or work in an imperative voice which there is no gainsaying — days when the common task becomes absolutely repugnant, and I presently yield to the "wander-lust," which possesses me, and fare forth, like the knights of old, in search of adventure. Whenever possible, I get a kindred spirit to accompany me, but since in

this work-a-day world twin souls are few and far between, my country rambles are generally taken alone, save for the companionship of a couple of dogs. For, as John Burroughs says: "It matters little whom you ride with, so he be not a pickpocket, . . . but walking is a more vital co-partnership, the relation is a closer and more sympathetic one."

Hence the fastidiousness of the professional walker in choosing or admitting a companion, and hence the truth of a remark of Emerson, that "you will

generally fare better to take your dog than to invite your neighbour."

At times my restless spirit leads me far afield, but some of my favourite haunts are nearer home, as for example, the Vale of St. Catherine, which peaceful spot is about two miles beyond "our village," to which it, indeed, belongs. I have walked, and ridden, and driven in what I am pleased to call the "Happy Valley," at all seasons of the year, in all sorts of weather, and at most hours of the day. Like a lovely woman artistically gowned, that vale is ever fascinating, whether its costume be a "harmony" in green, a "poem" in russet, or a "symphony" in white and grey (these being, I believe, the correct terms to use when describing any of Worth's "creations").

Perhaps I love it best

"When over orchard and lane, breaks the white foam of Spring."

But I can still admire it when its enclosing hills are blurred with rain, and I am trudging along in a drenching drizzle, on the kind of day so familiar to dwellers in the west country, which I always imagine provoked Herrick into these pessimistic lines:—

"More discontents I never had .

Since I was born than here,

Where I have been, and still am sad

In this dull 'Devonshire.'"

The last time I visited St. Catherine's Court and Church, it was a crisp, bright morning in February, when a sharp frost had followed in the wake of a snowstorm, before a partial thaw had had time to entirely destroy the beauty of earth's robe of spotless white.

A bright winter's morning such as this, is as exhilarating to dogs and healthy humans, as is champagne to the jaded palate of a London epicure, and our spirits (I had two terriers on escort duty) rose high as we started out over an iron-bound road, which soon narrowed into an ideal lane of switch-back character, which nervous ladies are wont to describe as "a shocking bad approach to the Court." And Somersetshire lanes are perhaps dangerous when negotiated by a broken-kneed cab-horse in a heavy fly, and an incompetent jarvey.

In the days of my youth, when I

used to drive a well-bred pony in a low wicker carriage, commonly called "the family washing basket," that knowing little animal and I had invented a patent mode of progression, which answered admirably. Halfway down one slope we "put on the pace" with a spurt which carried us up a considerable portion of the next incline; then the pony stopped as abruptly as only a pony can, and calmly waited for me to get out and walk to the top, which of course, I did (I notice that people usually do what is expected of them), the pony following like a dog. This was repeated *ad lib.*, to our mutual satisfaction. We rarely met anything in those lanes, and if we did, well, it is surprising how far you can go into a bank or ditch, without upsetting!

On this occasion we left the road at the first opportunity, and turned into a narrow path between two hedges, locally known as "the drangway," and which was now a frozen water-course, where I fell twice in a space of a dozen yards, and crossing a bridge, continued our walk by the side of a babbling trout stream, wherein, no doubt, the monks of Bath formerly angled successfully for their Friday's dinners. I always envy an angler his skill in the "gentle craft." Old Izaak thus eulogises his favourite sport in "The Compleat Angler,"—"We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries—doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did, and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling." The great charm of this sport, as compared with others, is that it brings the angler into close communion with nature during the brightest and most beautiful months of the year. I fear, however, that—thanks to poachers—the chances of a catch in this winding rivulet are but small now-a-days, even when the May-fly is up; though the "generous fish," beloved alike by poets, artists, and gourmets, may occasionally be seen in its tranquil pools.

Half a mile or so of rough walking brings us opposite to "the Court." There is no bridge at this point, and the stepping-stones were under water. The

Irish terrier and I looked doubtfully at the icy stream ("Pat" hates wetting his feet), but there was no help for it, unless we were to turn back; and I escaped with one dry foot and my knightly reputation! Then a stiff climb up the slippery slope of a field, through a wicket-gate, and we arrived at the picturesque group of buildings which was the object of my ramble. To the right of the massive entrance gateway is the tiny church, with its embattled tower and "perpendicular" windows; it stands on an eminence, and above it, to the left, is a perfect, though small specimen of an Elizabethan manor house. By Elizabethan I mean that delightful style of domestic architecture which is peculiarly English and lovable, though the term "mongrel" has been applied, and not unjustly, to the mixture of Gothic and classical ideas which became so popular in this country as the stern strength of the mediæval fortress gave way to the pomp and grace of the modern mansion.

As a matter of fact, part of St. Catherine's Court is of pre-Reformation date, the drawing-room, with its large bay window, is probably a later addition, as is also the remarkably fine porch (*tempo* Charles I.).

Referring to the *Church Rambler*, I find the following particulars:—"This Manor has been in the possession of the Church from time immemorial. It is not mentioned in the Great Survey, but its church, dedicated to the patron saint of the citizens of Bath, bears marks of great antiquity, although nearly re-built by Prior John Cantlow in 1499. The monks had here a grange, gardens and vineyard."

A curious lease of about 1520 thus describes the property:—"The court of the same between the church hey and the house, and coming in an entry, and on the ryght hand a hall, and behind the hall a whitehouse (dairy), on the side of that a parlor, and a butterye on thone side, with a chimney both in the hall and in the parlor, and between the said whitehouse and the parlor a steyres of ston going into a chamber, celed over the parlor with a chimney in hit; and over the hall a wol loft: over the entrye coming into the house a chamber,

and by the entrye a vacant ground, and over and under chambers, and also a other hall, called the lower hall, with a vaute underne the, and over a malt lofte, and adjoining to the same 2 chambers, on above and the other beneath, and at thende of the same hall on other malt lofte with a myll called a quyver, and a place underne the to wynow malt—all this under on roffe."

Portions of this old house (also built by Prior Cantlow) still remain, as I have said, and the whole has a thoroughly old-world appearance, save for the large conservatories which flank it on the lower side. As was usual at this date, the Court gardens are laid out in terraces, with handsome stone balustrades, and urn-shaped vases placed at intervals. Clipped yews are quite in keeping with the smooth grass walks and stiff flower beds; lawn tennis would seem a positive desecration, were it to be introduced, and I shall not soon forget the shock I received on first seeing a bicycle in that Carolian porch! a shock which was intensified when the door was opened to me by an Indian servant in place of the elderly butler of former days. For both the Rev. R. Drummond and his wife are dead—as kindly and courteous a couple as any who dispensed hospitality at St. Catherine's in days of yore, people who seemed to my childish fancy to be actually part of the dear old house and grounds, which they loved to show with pride to an appreciative visitor. The Court has never been a "show place," I am thankful to say; indeed the "Happy Valley" is not tourist haunted at any time of the year. Methinks its quiet attractions do not appeal to 'Arry and 'Arriett, or may be the "shocking approach" deters the cyclist and the "sharry bang" proprietor from visiting this peaceful spot—and destroying it.

The interior of the Court is perhaps less charming than its exterior; the passages are not wide, and, being ill-lighted, are somewhat gloomy in winter time. There is some fine old panelling in the library, notably the "linen-pattern" so typical of seventeenth century wood-work, the front staircase is of polished oak, shallow and slippery as glass; to tread such boards with security needs a life-long education, yet none



OAK-PANELLED LIBRARY

but a Goth would ruin their appearance with a carpet. In the hall is a fountain—rather a font—of classic design, which is supplied from St. Catherine's well, there is also an elaborate screen, above which are the arms of Henry VII.—the united roses, with the garter, supported by the lion and dragon for England and Wales. I believe this device is of cast iron, and was formerly at the back of a fire-place.

At the Reformation, the Manor formed a portion of Henry VIII.'s gift to his daughter Ethelreda Malte, who brought it in marriage to John Harrington, whose son, Sir John, was ruined by entertaining Queen Elizabeth at Kelston Park, and consequently sold St. Catherine's to William Blanchard. From the Blanchards it came by marriage into the possession of James Walters, of Batheaston. His heiress brought it to the family of Parry, whose heiress, marrying Hamilton Earl, it became his property, and was subsequently sold to the Hon. Col. Strutt. Part of the Court is now used as a farmhouse. The church consists of nave, chancel, south porch, and western tower. It is interesting as being one of the smallest in England. The

nave is 27 feet long, and the chancel 18 feet.

The chapelry of St. Catherine's has for many hundred years been annexed to the vicarage of Batheaston. In an agreement made in the year 1262 between the then Vicar of Batheaston and the Prior of Bath, it was agreed that the vicar should provide for a daily service at St. Catherine's on all days except Sundays and Saints' days. Probably on these days a Priest from the abbey at Bath officiated. It seems somewhat strange to us now, that even in such small and remote villages as St. Catherine's, provision should have been made for daily service.

The capitals of the tower and chancel arches are Norman remains of an older building, as is also the small window in the tower. The font of Caen stone lined with lead, is Norman, the upper part being ornamented with interlacing arches, a quite unmistakeable sign of the workmanship of that period. Norman fonts are fairly common, as its sanctity often caused the preservation of a font unchanged by centuries of rebuilding and alteration. The canopy

which now covers this font is of much later date; early fonts were usually covered by a flat slab to keep the water clean, it being then the custom to have water left in the font. The church was almost entirely rebuilt by Prior Cantlow in the year 1489, as appears by the following inscription in the glass of the east window. "Orate pro anima Dni. Johis Cantlow quonda Prioris Hanc Cacella fieri fecit Ao. Dni. mccccxxxix."

Prior Cantlow was the last Prior but two who presided over the Abbey of SS. Peter and Paul, at Bath. We first find his name in 1489, and he died in August, 1499. During his term of office, the Archbishop of Canterbury visited the Abbey. Besides what the good Prior did for this parish of St. Catherine's, he rebuilt the hospital of St. Mary Magdalene in Bath.

The seventeenth century tomb of William Blanchard fills up the entire north wall of the diminutive chancel (inside the altar rails). It consists of a pediment and cornice supported by two pillars of grey marble with Corinthian capitals. Upon the tomb are the figures of a man and woman kneeling, the man in the half armour of Charles I.'s time, and below,

Set forth in order as they died  
The numerous offspring bend,  
Devoutly kneeling side by side  
As if they did intend  
For past omissions to atone,  
By saying endless prayers in stone.

JANE TAYLOR.

In this case the offspring are only four, three daughters and one son, the latter kneeling at a *præ-dieu*. On a small brasstabelt is the following inscription:—

Heere lyeth the body of Capitaine  
William Blanchard, who deceased the  
7th daie of April, anno Dni. 1631.

Blanchard thou art not heere compriz'd,  
Nor is thy worth characterised.  
Thy Justice, Charite, Virue, Grace;  
Doe nowe possess a highere place;  
For unto Heaven (as we reade)  
Good workes accompanie the Dead.

The son, William Blanchard, who died 7th November, 1686, and was buried in his father's grave, has a small black marble tablet to his memory with the following:—

"Prisca fides angli generosa et nescia

pandis, meus vivum omalunt suit monn-  
menta tibi."

There are several other monuments to the Blanchard family.

All the stained glass in this church is of pleasing appearance. The east window, besides the name and date already mentioned, has the arms of the Abbey (St. Peter's key crossed by a mitre) and in the smaller compartments are roses with the mid-day sun frequently repeated. The other windows have similar devices, and also that of an eagle bearing on his beak a scroll inscribed with the name, Prior Cantlow. St. Catherine is represented in one of the south windows of the nave. Of modern stained glass the church is—happily—devoid. There is a quaint, crudely coloured pulpit of carved wood of a kind more common in the sister county (Devon). It is painted in vivid shades of scarlet and green, neatly (?) picked out with blue and gold! It is extremely small, and perched like a bracket in a recess of the north wall of nave. This gives the clergyman a jack-in-the-box like appearance, and I have sometimes (in a frivolous moment) half expected him to rise with a spasmodic jerk after the preliminary prayer!

"The church has been but little interfered with since Cantlow's time, except that the roof has been covered with a coved ceiling. The tower has also been repaired, but the following statement engraved on a stone in it, apparently goes beyond the facts: 'This tower, and north side wall of the church was rebuilt in the year 1704. Henry Blanchard Esq. and Mr. John Tyly, Churchwardens.'—*Church Rambler*."

Some few years ago, certain other alterations and additions were made. The rich mosaics and coloured marble tiles which now adorn the east end of the church, and surround the chancel arch, are greatly admired by connoisseurs, and add much to the beauty and interest of this sacred building, which is quite a gem in its way.

The tower contains a peal of four bells, one of which was re-cast in 1610. The other three are pre-Reformation bells, and bear the following inscriptions:

No. 2. † Sancte Maria, Ora pro nobis.

No. 3. † Sancte Nicolae, Ora pro nobis.



These inscriptions have a lion's head at the end of each, and there are also the founder's initials, R. L., possibly Robert Lett, and a bell with a W underneath.

No. 4. † Sancte Johannes Baptiste, Ora pro nobis, with the founder's initials, T.G.

In 1847, a new communion table of polished cedar with velvet cover and monogram, and a service of communion plate were presented by the Honourable Emily Anne Strutt, in accordance with the will of her father.

Those who have read Miss Mulock's charming novel, "My Mother and I," may, perhaps, remember the following passage, where the heroine, Elma, describes a visit to St. Catherine's with her grandfather, Mrs. Rix, and "Cousin Conrad." "We were all three walking up and down the grassy terrace of a house where my grandfather had come to call, leaving us to amuse ourselves outside, as it was a most beautiful place, centuries old. Everybody about Bath knows St. Catherine's Court. As it happens, I have never seen it since that day, but I still remember every bit of it; the lovely garden, the fountain that

trickled from the rocky hill above, the cows feeding in the green valley below, and the tiny grey church on one side. 'I should like to show you the church; it dates long before the Reformation, and is very curious. Will you come Mrs. Rix, or would you rather stay here?' As Major Picardy might have known, she would, which I myself did not regret. She was a kind soul, but she never understood in the least the things that we used to talk about, and so she often left us alone. Very dull indeed to her would have been our speculations about the old carved pulpit, and who had preached in it; the yew trees in the churchyard, which might have furnished bows for the men who fought at Bosworth Field."

Near the church is the Prior's barn, of a cruciform shape, looking from a distance like a chapel with transepts. I often walk to this little church on Sundays in summer-time, as I always think a quiet country service is more impressive than the ornate worship of town churches. Here, when

The kneeling hamlet drains  
The chalice of the grapes of God,



INTERIOR OF ST. CATHERINE'S CHURCH

From Photo by Rev. C. F. METCALFE

all is calm and still, the silence broken only by the holy words of our supreme service and the joyous voices of the feathered choir outside. The weary traveller obtains a glimpse of the promised land to which he is journeying, and tastes—for a few brief moments—that perfect peace which belongs in its entirety only to the bourne beyond the grave.

The God's acre at St. Catherine's is an ideal resting-place, so remote from the "sturm and drang" of life. I have a positive horror of crowded city cemeteries, where the sleep "He giveth his beloved" is rendered unlovely by vulgar marble monuments, and where the simple wreath of flowers which speaks so eloquently of remembrance, is often re-placed by imitation blossoms displayed in all their chilling hideosity under a glass case; and I pray, with Bloomfield:

O Heaven, permit that I may lie  
Where o'er my corse green branches wave,  
And those who from life's tumult fly  
With kindred feelings press my grave.

Country folk are afraid to walk in the St. Catherine lanes after nightfall, on account of the ghost, for, of course, there is one! I have not seen it myself, so will give an account which was published in the *Bath and County Graphic*, September, 1897:—

"One spring evening, in the early part of May, Baron —, accompanied by myself and sister, took a walk to St. Catherine's Court. We had reached the hill overlooking the graveyard, and were admiring the evening star, when suddenly one of us exclaimed, 'why there are clothes hanging in the graveyard!' Upon this, we all commented on the queer, if not unholy use to which God's acre had been put. Presently the clothes began to move, a fact in itself not remarkable, but happening on that particular evening, seemed a very caprice of Nature, as there was no breath of wind, indeed, one might say the deathly calmness could be felt. All our attention was now arrested, we could not speak, but were held spell-bound, for gradually what we before had called clothes, shaped itself into the covering of a most beautiful lady, whose loveli-

ness of form could distinctly be discerned beneath the filmy veiling. With her hands crossed upon her bosom, she glided, as only the supernatural can glide, across the turf towards a certain grave, over which she proceeded to bend and bend, until at last she disappeared from our sight. By this time we were thoroughly frightened, for we recognised and exclaimed, 'It must be a ghost.' Hurrying to make our way back to a more human habitation, we met an old farmer, and thinking that perhaps he could throw some light upon the ghostly spectacle we had witnessed, Baron — addressed him with, 'Hallo, my man, what is this strange story about the place?' 'Oh, sir, have you heard the story?' replied the man. 'There's a ghost seen here,' continued the Baron. 'Sure, sir, but you have not seen her, have you?' asked the old man, whereupon the Baron gave him an exact account of what he had seen, and the man supplied the foundation of the apparition by relating a certain story connected with the lady whose vision we had seen. It was, that for mercenary reasons, the lady had been confined in a room in — and there starved to death, no one knowing where she died or where she was buried, but many affirming that from time to time her ghost appeared."

I had fastened the dogs to the railings outside, and before they saw me coming, every line of those two little bodies, from attentive ear to depressed tail, was expressive of utter disgust at their mistress's neglect. But dogs are more forgiving and less exacting than their betters (?), and I was received with excited whines and tail-wagging.

It was necessary to put best foot foremost in order to be home by lunch-time, so we avoided the seductive bye-way, and returned by the lane. A whole delicious idle morning spent in going to and from and over a west-country manor, distant only two miles from the starting point! I trust my readers will not think I have wasted time and space.

My grateful thanks are due to Henry Inman, Esq., of Pine House, Bathaston, for the use of his notes and other kind help in preparing this and the previous article for publication.

*THE BLIND MAIDEN'S QUEST*

THE maiden watched, as the setting sun  
Sank slowly in the west.  
Her eyes were wide with a mystic light,  
And she prayed to the gods to grant her sight  
To help her in her quest.

The west wind swept across the hill,  
And gently touched her face.  
His promise of love was changeless still,  
To the lonely maid by the window-sill,  
With the wistful old-world grace.

"He will come," the west wind whispered low,  
"Though I have not found him yet;  
But I'll watch for him through countless days,  
And seek for him in hidden ways  
Which others might forget."

The west wind swept upon his way,  
Across the distant hill.  
And ever turned towards the west,  
Whence he may come whom she loves best,  
The maiden watches still.

MEMORIES

WRITTEN

BY

J. QUIGLEY


OF

ILLUSTRATED

BY

PHOTOGRAPHS

NORMANDY



NOT the least delightful part of a holiday across the Channel is that of leaving stifling London, and of finding ourselves on the sea with a cool breeze coming to our tired senses like balm from heaven. So we thought lately, as we crossed from Southampton to Havre on a calm summer night, sitting on deck to watch the boat plough its way through the dark waters, and the summer lightning flash across the sky. After a few brief hours we were welcomed by the sound of the bright French tongue, which for some of us has a perennial charm.

We decided to stay for a time at Havre, and from there to visit the many interesting places in its neighbourhood, for, fine town though it be, there is little in Havre itself to attract a lover of the picturesque. Many English and French visitors come for sea-bathing to its suburb, Ste. Adresse, from whose imposing cliffs is to be had a magnificent view of the Calvados coast and the Atlantic beyond, with the mouth of the Seine and the shipping at Havre as a middle distance. Memory associates with our stay there a night of sudden storm, when, finding the heat indoors unbearable, we chose to be out at the mercy of a relentless wind. Although the rain and thunder had ceased, vivid lightning still flashed across the raging sea, and overhead great masses of funereal cloud were driven fiercely across the pallid moon. But memory also speaks to us of peaceful evenings, when the fast falling twilight turned our reluctant feet homeward down the cliff walk of Ste.

Adresse; the air was laden with summer scents, and the slowly rising crescent moon seemed to smile on a world made for love and harmony.

An idle afternoon may be pleasantly dreamed away at the Abbaye de Graville, which is built upon a steep ascent just outside the town of Havre. Very little of the old Abbaye remains, but a church has been built upon its site and dedicated to St. Honoria, whose body is said to have been removed from there during the Norman invasion. To reach the church and the straggling picturesque cemetery surrounding it, one must pass through a quaint gateway and an avenue of sweet-smelling limes; but the old burying place, with its terraced walk and luxuriant shrubs, attracted us more than the building itself, which we left to the nuns who came stealing in for their silent meditations. Very peaceful it was under the shadow of the fragrant yew trees, with no sound to break the silence, but the distant voices of children at play, or the monotonous chanting of the priest, as a funeral procession wound its way up the steep paths to some isolated grave. The cemetery overlooks from a great height the mouth of the Seine, and on its summit, in view of the passing ships, stands a huge statue known as "la vierge noire," which looks strangely impressive standing out in bold relief against the azure sky.

From the Abbaye we could see Honfleur, picturesquely built at the foot of richly wooded hills. We went there by steamer from Havre, and found its harbour full of fishing boats, whose gaily coloured hulks and sails filled us with such ardent longing to sketch,

that we settled down to work from a quiet corner of the quay. But, alas! the rising tide soon changed the aspect of everything, and the fishermen hastily setting their sails made for the open sea. Thus frustrated in our efforts, we strolled towards the groups of women who sat in the old Market Place, chattering over their wares of fruit and vegetables and apparently quite unconscious of their picturesque surroundings. Here are many interesting old buildings, curiously coloured by age, the most remarkable being a very ancient church, with a wooden tower and an enormous curfew bell.

But the most remarkable sight at Honfleur is the Côte de Notre Dame de la Grâce. Many a hurried visitor to Normandy has yet to learn the charm of that beautiful upward path, like an avenue of immense trees, under whose masses of green foliage one gradually ascends to a tremendous height, gaining at intervals glimpses of the sea hundreds of feet beneath. Its summit is crowned by a lofty Calvary, near which, under stately trees, stands the Chapelle de Notre Dame de la Grâce, where sailors who have escaped from shipwreck make their grateful offerings. From the brow of the cliff is a glorious view of the mouth of the Seine, whose waters take on every imaginable hue in the sunlight. Across the water lies Havre, with its forest of masts, and beyond—as far as the eye can reach—lies the boundless Atlantic.

Near Honfleur, and totally different in character, is Trouville, the famous resort of Parisians. Perhaps one's impressions of any place seen during overpowering heat are apt to be prejudiced, but instead of the freshness usually associated with Trouville, its name recalls to us little but noise, dust and glare. Beautiful villas, pleasant music floating from the Casino, a few children playing on the sands, motor cars tearing along amid clouds of dust, such seemed to be the leading features of Trouville! Of the place painted by Isabey, and described by Dumas, there remains still the marvellous sky and sea, and the fishing fleet, whose departure and return are a source of unfailing interest to the visitors.

Having seen many places of interest on the coast, we started for Caen, whose history is so closely connected with that of our own land. The journey from Havre by boat takes about four hours, and is very delightful in fine weather. We crossed on a magnificent day, when the air was fresh in spite of scorching sunshine, and the sea calm yet sparkling, and of an intense blue. The coast-line, which we kept in sight most of the way, was defined by a bluish haze, and as this melted away occasionally it revealed visions of white towns and dark green foliage. Arrived at Ouistreham, our boat passed into the Canal, and wound its almost noiseless way through green meadows and past luxuriant trees. At length the spires and towers of Caen appeared in the distance, and we soon found ourselves in its stifling streets.

To such a degree are we all influenced by our physical nature, that for days our eyes were blinded to the beauties of a city which was made hopelessly depressing by the intense heat, and before attempting to see Caen itself we escaped from its heavy atmosphere into the country. Wonderful sea-shores there are within easy reach, especially at Cabourg, where we found time and quiet to admire the beauties of its sea and sky. Beyond vast stretches of silver sand strewn with delicately tinted shells, lay a marvellously limpid sea, so rarely beautiful in colour and transparency that no word can picture it. Everything seemed to tremble in the intense heat; a line of gray-green willows by the shore faded into a bluish haze, and even the sea grew pale under the sun's passionate regard. The all-pervading languor sent us into day-dreams, vaguely wondering if we had at last reached the land.

In which it seemed always afternoon,  
All round the coast the languid air did swoon  
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.

We left Cabourg very reluctantly, and walked inland to the little straggling town of Dives, which nestles against dark olive-tinted hills. Here William the Conqueror collected his forces before starting to invade England, and the quaint old church contains a list of



THE DINING-ROOM, WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, DIVES

the barons and knights who made up his goodly company.

Dives has many curious buildings, the most interesting being the famous hostellerie Guillaume le Conquéran, which is kept in good repair, and is much beloved by visitors. Inside the courtyard were masses of flowers in bloom, and luxuriant creepers trailed over the house, filling the air with perfume. The red slanting roof and overhanging gables looked very ancient, and contrasted strangely with the intensely modern-looking visitors who were enjoying their déjeuner in the open-air, amid much chatter and gaiety. We explored the reception rooms, and were especially enamoured of the *salle-à-manger*, with its rafters and panelling of old oak. The room is lighted by stained glass windows, whose deep recesses are cushioned and draped with richly-coloured silks. The furniture is of carved oak, which, with a curious hearth and chimney piece, and many rare ornaments of fine china and glistening silver, help to make the whole room an unique example of primitive and luxurious taste.

When we left Dives at evening it was bathed in golden light, and looked so

alluringly beautiful that we promised to come back the following summer for at least a week at l'hôtel Guillaume le Conquéran.

Reminding ourselves that the real object of our visit to Normandy was to see its artistic side rather than its natural beauties, we began to explore Caen, whose stately churches are eloquent with a beauty belonging to the past.

This part of Calvados is haunted by the memory of two great personalities in the history of Normandy—William the Conqueror and Joan of Arc. One gradually realises that William was not merely a barbarous tyrant, but a man born to greatness, and whose aim was distinctly progressive. As for Jeanne d'Arc—whose wonderful career seems only credible as a proof of divine inspiration—our enthusiasm for her was kindled at Rouen, and leaped into a flame before the admirable frescoes in the Pantheon. . . . One wonders that her story has not been more frequently told by dramatic writers, full as it is of the spirit of romance and heroism.

Caen has many memorials of her, but those of the Great Duke William abound on every side, for though it dates back to the second and third



ROUEN CATHEDRAL.—MAIN ENTRANCE

centuries, Caen owes its real greatness to William. Two of its finest churches, l'Abbaye aux hommes and l'Abbaye aux dames, were built by him and his wife Matilda as a peace-offering to the church. William's remains were left in the former until they were scattered by the Puritans in the sixteenth century, and in the Abbaye aux dames Queen Matilda's tomb may still be seen. There are many other interesting churches at Caen, as well as imposing civil buildings, and hotels formerly belonging to the great Norman families, but of which it is impossible now to write in detail. The old Château, built by William, is now called the Caserne Lefèvre, and can only be seen by special permission.

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In all interesting towns there is usually some building or corner which attracts one more especially, and at Caen it is the church of St. Peter, whose spire seems visible from every point, and whose beauty draws us like a magnet. So much has been said of its wonderful symmetry, and so many artists have painted it, that the humble tourist can but re-echo their praises. Even in writing, one conjures up a mental vision of the busy market-place, with its profuse display of flowers and fruit, and the exquisitely graceful spire of St. Peter rising above all mundane things, straight into the heavens.

Space makes it necessary to pass by the memory of Granville, with its harbour full of white-sailed boats and back-

ground of sunny cliffs; and smiling Avranches perched on a hillside amid green meadows and luxuriant trees, to memories of the fair city of Rouen, whose foundations are even older than those of Caen, though its buildings are of more recent date. Much of its finest architecture belongs to the Renaissance period, when the country was free from war, and a free and joyous spirit may thus be traced in the glorious work done so lovingly for its own sake. We first saw Rouen when bright sunshine and a wonderfully clear atmosphere brought into bold relief every detail of its magnificent buildings and quaint old streets, and we hailed with delight each bit of it already made familiar by pictures. The Cathedral, with its two fine towers and admirable west front, the majestic St. Ouen, and graceful St. Maclou, with its richly-carved doorway *vrai dentelle de pierre*, these three churches alone are worth going any distance to see, being so rich in carving and in stained glass that the mind is bewildered by their beauty. At every turn in the Cathedral we find historic associations: here is the tomb of Richard Cœur de Lion, where in 1838 were found the remains of the brave heart bequeathed by its owner to his

beloved Rouen, and near by is the tomb of the first Norman duke, Rollo. We found it almost a relief to turn from all these memories into the mighty St. Ouen, and in rapt silence to enjoy its grand simplicity, and the beauty of its columns rising to an immense height.

Besides her churches, Rouen can boast of three triumphs of architecture; the unique Palais de Justice, the Hotel Bourgtheroulde, whose stone carving of the field of the Cloth of Gold is still in wonderful preservation, and La Grosse Horloge, with its quaint gate-house, carved archway and bas-reliefs, and curfew bell which still rings every evening. In the Place de la Pucelle stands a statue of Jeanne d'Arc, surmounting a fountain, but our admiration for the fair maid of Orleans was fortunately too warm to be quenched by this most unattractive production, which we scarcely noticed, so deeply were we impressed by the memory of her life and brutal death.

But we must bid farewell for the present to Rouen and to fair Normandy, hoping that these imperfect sketches, drawn from memory, may induce others to go there and fill in what is wanting for themselves.







WRITTEN

BY

NELLIE LE MESURIER

ILLUSTRATED

BY

C. GILBERT

## CHAPTER I.

Quel che sta nei campi, è di Dio de ei Santi.  
(*Old Italian proverb.*)

**I**T was the end of a cloudless day in May, towards the close of the eighteenth century. The brilliant sunset could not be seen from Don Antonio's vineyard, but the red-gold sunbeams crept through the vine-leaves and threw their bright reflections under the dark stone archway leading to his cellars. They caused the green leaves to glow like amber and cast an aureole of light round the fair head of a little boy who sat on a step beneath the archway and gazed on a butterfly of mother-o'-pearl which he had found amidst a heap of rubbish. A few golden letters visible on the tiny wings excited his curiosity and made him wish that he could read without the assistance of Padre Egidio, the good monk who lived in the convent on the hill, and to whom he went every Sunday evening to be taught his catechism, or, as he called it, "le cose di Dio."

"Padre Egidio preaches every evening in the month of May," said the child to himself. "I will go up now to the church, and after the Benediction he will tell me what the letters mean."

In less than five minutes he was ascending one of the narrow, dirty streets of the little town of Carpi, and in a few moments more he had reached the steep winding path which leads to the convent of St. Ilario. He had soon arrived at the "piazzetta" in front of the church, a little square surrounded by a low wall, over which he leant to throw a pebble into the clear blue water of the Salernian Bay. He waited there for more than a minute ere he saw the little stone reach the sea beneath, looking no bigger than a black speck as it touched the smooth surface of the water.

The piazza had once been a Roman forum; it still contained the remains of several marble steps and seats, and behind one of the latter lay a broken amphora in terra-cotta. In each corner of the square stood an exquisite Ionic column, which had doubtless belonged to some Grecian temple long before the

little forum, or, may be, Rome herself, had existed. Now they served to support a "pergola," or trellis-work of vines, which afforded a pleasant shade to the poor beggars which often sat there during the hottest hours of the day, waiting for the lay brother to bring them their mid-day meal. This evening the piazza was crowded with many of the villagers, who had failed to force their way into the church, and so waited outside, not wishing to lose the Benediction on the last day of the month of May. Dense as was the crowd within, the child succeeded in entering the church and installing himself at the foot of the pulpit steps. The pulpit was adorned with very rich mosaics, and supported by four small marble columns taken no doubt from the ruins of the old forum.

If strangers had ever come to the village of Carpi (which they rarely or ever did at the time my story opens), they would have found it worth their while to climb the narrow street, and spend an hour or two looking at the many art treasures which lay unheeded and forgotten in the church and sacristy of the old convent on the hill. But there was one treasure among them that neither the people of Carpi, nor those of the surrounding villages would ever neglect or forget. With ten silver lamps burning before it night and day, it hung over the High Altar, the miraculous picture of the Mother and Child, black with age, yet beautiful in the eyes of the people who remembered that the angels themselves had favoured that spot with the precious gift.

They all knew the story of the sacred picture, and yet never tired of hearing it told again, and on this the last evening of the month of May Padre Egidio was charming his audience with its well-known history.

The child, standing near the pulpit, listened to the sermon, his dark earnest eyes riveted on the dusky features of the Madonna, and the simple story sank deep into his heart. He heard how four centuries before a good monk living in Salerno had wished to build a monastery on one of the surrounding hills, but was doubtful as to the spot he had better choose.

One evening a little peasant girl asked to see him, saying she brought an important message from Carpi. She said she was in the habit of taking her goat to browse among some old ruins on the hill above her native village; three days before she had gone there as usual, and as she was following the animal, which had strayed further away, the Madonna appeared to her and told her she must go to Salerno, and tell a monk there named Ilario that he must clear away the thorns in that place. Twice she returned with her goat to the ruins without having fulfilled the command, and twice our Lady urged her to do so. On the third day she again appeared to the child, reproaching her for her disobedience, and this time she went without delay. Padre Ilario thanked her for her message, and before the dawn he had left Salerno for the little village of Carpi. With his own hands he rooted up the thorns and brambles, and among them he found a picture of our Lady, a Byzantine Madonna, black but beautiful. Kneeling before it the holy man exclaimed, "The angels have brought this sacred image from the East, to save it from the fury of the Iconoclasts, and as a sign that in this spot I am to raise a church in honour of the Mother of God."

And so Ilario built a monastery near the old Roman forum, and placed the miraculous picture above the altar, and spent long years enriching the church which became a famous sanctuary. The fame of his sanctity increased as time went by, and all the people of Carpi blessed him for his good works, all except one, a powerful prince who possessed nearly all the lands as far as Salerno, and who coveted those belonging to the monastery, which he would fain have joined to his own. Padre Egidio gave but a brief account of the many persecutions which the holy man endured at the hands of this powerful enemy; he merely related how the latter had at last plundered the monastery and forced the Abbot to fly with all his monks. Ilario had taken refuge in a distant town in Central Italy, where he had spent the remaining years of his life. When he came to die, he called his monks to his bedside and told them

that after his death they might return to Carpi without fear, for the prince had in his turn been put to flight, and his very castle had been razed to the ground. "When I am dead," continued the holy Abbot, "you, my children, will take my bones to the convent on the hill, and bury them in the church, beneath the miraculous picture of the Madonna Incoronata."

"And so," ended the preacher, "they did as he bade them; they laid the body of a saint in the church whence a humble monk had fled only a few years before, and the whole town of Carpi flocked to his shrine."

Thus ended the sermon, and in less than half-an-hour the people were streaming out of the church with the sounds of the "Evviva Maria" echoing in their ears.

"Well, my child," said Padre Egidio.

"Why do you linger here?"

"I came to ask you something," answered the boy, showing his newly-found treasure. "What do those letters mean?"

The monk raised the little butterfly between his finger and thumb, and examined it in the dim twilight.

"Ilario is written on the wings," he said at last; "and there is also a date, but the figures are almost illegible."

"Ilario!" exclaimed the child; "the name of my patron saint! I will wear it as a medal and for a 'ricordo' of this evening; it will always remind me of St. Ilario and his Madonna, and now I must run home quickly, for it is late."

The good monk smiled as the child turned to go, and said, "Va, va, e lddio ti benedica."

#### CHAPTER II.

NEARLY three-quarters of a century had elapsed since the year when Padre Egidio preached in the month of May in the little convent church. In that same year he had been elected Abbot of the monastery, and a long time had now passed since he had been laid to rest in the churchyard behind the convent. The boy whom he had taught as a little child, and received in the monastery in his early youth, had been called to fill his place as Abbot. Padre Ilario had now ruled the convent for more than thirty years. His form was bent with

age and his hair silver white, but the dark, earnest eyes were still as full of light as in the old, old days.

It was a warm day in May, and the Abbot was walking slowly up and down the convent terrace, whence he could see the whole village of Carpi lying at his feet. The sun was setting, and the whole scene reminded him of another May evening which after a lapse of seventy years was still fresh in his memory. How little the place had changed since then! There were the ruins of the little forum in front of the church, the steep winding steps leading down to the village—the village itself a cluster of small, dirty houses, and beyond, vineyards and oliveyards as far as eye could reach. Almost hidden among the green stood the house of Don Antonio, his father's friend, in whose vineyard he had found the little butterfly of mother-o'-pearl which he still wore round his neck in remembrance of St. Ilario. The house and lands now belonged to Nicola, Don Antonio's son, a man little younger than the Abbot himself, and said to be the richest and most miserly person in the whole of Carpi. As the old monk stood on the terrace in the evening sunlight, a thousand memories rose before him, and it were hard to say how long he would have stayed there if the familiar sound of the church bell had not roused him from his reverie. Ere the bell had ceased ringing, he had passed from the sunlit terrace into the dimly-lighted church, and there, if nowhere else in Carpi, much was changed since the day when he had stood, as a child, on the pulpit step and listened to the story of St. Ilario. The French army, over-running the kingdom of Naples in 1799, had despoiled it of nearly all its treasures, leaving nothing behind it but a cannon-ball, which had fallen within a few inches of the altar without injuring the church, and now hung as an "ex-voto" beside the miraculous picture. "I Francesi," as the villagers would call them, had been unable to destroy their Madonna; "the angels brought her to Carpi," they said, "and the angels would keep her there!"

But, although the sacred picture remained, much had been lost to the old

convent, and, as time went on, it grew poorer and poorer.

One by one its lands were sold or mortgaged, and year by year it became a harder task for Padre Ilario to keep it from a state of absolute squalor. The church especially was in sad need of repair, and as he knelt this evening alone at the foot of the wretched altar, the words rose again and again to his lips, "Madonna, mia, is this a shrine worthy of our father, St. Ilario?"

He was still kneeling there, when a short stout man entered the church, whom the Abbot immediately recognised as Don Nicola. He knelt down for a few minutes only, and then was about to leave it; but the old monk rose from his knees and followed him to the door, saying, "Wait a moment, Don Nicola; I have a favour to ask of you. You remember," he began, when they were sitting in the sacristy together, "the time when our fathers were friends; and you must also remember that there was a time when Don Antonio would have had to sell half his lands, if my father had not given him a helping hand? More than fifty years have passed since then. I have never claimed the debt, nor could I do so now in law; but if you would give me one-half, even one-quarter of the sum originally lent, it would suffice to make this church what it used, and what it ought to be!" As the Abbot spoke, Don Nicola inwardly cursed his fate for bringing him to the convent church that day; but he showed no outward sign of displeasure.

A dead silence followed Padre Ilario's speech; then Don Nicola slowly rose from his seat, saying, "I shall think over your request, and shall help you as soon as my means allow me to do so; but for this year it would be impossible—quite impossible." He was turning to go, but a hand gently laid on his arm bade him tarry a moment longer. "One word more," said the old monk, and he spoke slowly and earnestly. "I ask you for an alms, not for myself, nor for my convent, but for the shrine of a saint," and he pointed to the wooden altar which covered the relics of St. Ilario. "Oh, it is an altar you want!" exclaimed Don Nicola, as a sudden thought struck him. "In that

case it may be possible for me to help you. There is an old altar somewhere in my cellars, amidst a heap of lumber. It belonged, no doubt, to the ruined chapel close to our house; but has not been used for years, and is in great need of repair; still I believe it is marble, and if you will have the patience to clean it, you are welcome to it, *such as it is*." "It will always be better than *that*," answered the Abbot, whose eyes were still fixed on the wooden altar. "To-morrow morning I will send to fetch it. And now good evening, Don Nicola—and remember that what you give to St. Ilario will be given back to you a hundredfold!"

Next morning, accordingly, the altar was brought into the sacristy of the convent church. For several hours one of the lay brothers worked at it, slowly and patiently, and when at last a small part of the marble was made visible by his efforts, the Abbot was summoned into the sacristy to see the result of his work. Only a tiny portion of the altar had been brought to light, and only a little corner of the design could as yet be seen; but it was enough to make Padre Ilario gaze at it in utter amazement, for it was exquisitely worked in porphyry and lapis-lazuli, agate and mother-o'-pearl! "Is this the altar," he exclaimed at last, "that I was told to accept, *such as it was*? Did Don Nicola possess such a treasure without knowing it, or is it possible that he knew it, and has given it for love to St. Ilario? Every day you will work at it," he added, addressing the lay-brother, and on the last Sunday in May it shall stand in our church, and I shall call Don Nicola to see his altar." And so it was done.

The last Sunday in May was a day of rejoicing in the monastery, and indeed for the whole village of Carpi. All the people had heard how the convent church had gained a treasure more valuable than anything of which the French had despoiled it in 1799. They all flocked to see the marvellous altar long before the third bell had rung, and among them was Don Nicola, who stood there speechless with amazement, and gazed at it with flashing eyes. For several moments he stood as though in

a dream, and when at last he spoke, his voice sounded strangely hoarse.

"This has been a mistake, Signor Abbate, an incomprehensible error. I have possessed a treasure without knowing it; I have given it away without knowing what I gave. Centuries ago it stood in the little ruined chapel among my vineyards. The chapel was once attached to the castle of the Princes of Carpi. The altar no doubt belonged to princes, and to princes it shall return, for I may sell it to the King himself for a sum three times as large as the debt my father owed your father."

The man's eyes gleamed as he spoke. It was as though he already saw the gold "scudi" which might have filled his coffers years before, if he had only known! A long silence followed his words, and then the Abbot said in his slow, earnest way, "The altar is yours, Don Nicola, and within twenty-four hours it shall be in your house. St. Ilario has no need of an alms which is

not given from the heart." As the people sang the litanies in the convent church, they little guessed what had passed in the sacristy between Padre Ilario and Don Nicola; but when the Benediction was over, and they had all returned to their homes, the old monk knelt before the altar, and gave a last loving look at its exquisite workmanship with eyes dimmed with tears.

#### CHAPTER III.

It was mid-day, and the little forum was flooded with warm April sunshine. It was hot for the season, and felt quite like a summer's day to the young English artist, who sat on one of the marble seats for a few minutes before returning to Carpi, where he was spending the day. He had toiled up to the church, hoping to find in it something of artistic interest, and was disappointed with what he had found. He was now resting under the pergola, tired, hot, and very thirsty. Ere he had been there long, some half-dozen old people



THE OLD MONK KNELT BEFORE THE ALTAR

collected in the piazza; and when a lay brother approached them with a large basket of provisions, it dawned upon him that he was sitting among the beggars who came to the convent for their mid-day meal! He quickly rose to go, but the brother called him back, and invited him to rest in the monastery, and take a glass of cool Carpi wine. There was not an inn in the village, and the young man gladly accepted the offer. On the sunny terrace overlooking the forum sat the aged Abbot of St. Ilario, and gave a cordial welcome to the artist—one of those "forestieri" who now and then came from Salerno and Amalfi to visit the old convent on the hill. Not a year had passed since that Sunday in May when he had given a last sad look at the altar of lapis-lazuli, but he was much changed since then.

Towards Christmas a severe attack of bronchitis had confined him to his bed, and although he grew better before the end of the winter, he scarcely ever left his cell, and to-day he was sitting on the terrace for the first time since his recovery. For five months he had not been down into the church, and the monks had little hope of his doing so again, for he had grown very feeble, and could scarcely walk without support.

"Well, and what has brought you here?" were the first words he addressed to the stranger, as they sat together on the terrace. "We have indeed a famous Madonna in our little church, but *that* surely is not mentioned in your English guide-book?" And Padre Ilario smiled as he glanced at the red "Murray" sticking out of his visitor's pocket.

"No, it is not that book which has brought me to Carpi. I heard yesterday by chance that this convent was built by St. Ilario; and remembering that some years ago, while travelling in Central Italy, I had seen some exquisite mosaics attributed to him, I expected to find your church full of his works of art, but I confess I have been disappointed. It is true that my 'cicerone' took me this morning to a farm-house among the vineyards yonder, and the proprietor showed me a

magnificent altar, which he is about to sell to the King, and will soon be placed, he says, in one of the royal chapels. The workmanship is certainly most exquisite and reminds me of St. Ilario's style, but Don Nicola tells me the altar must have belonged to the Princes of Carpi, and had nothing to do with this monastery. I am inclined to believe what he says, for although I have carefully examined the mosaics I have failed to discover the name and date which mark all the other works of the great Benedictine monk."

"The name and date?" repeated the Abbot slowly to himself as the young man ceased speaking, "do you mean that St. Ilario put his name to all his works?" And a strange light crept into the dark eyes as he spoke. "I could tell you a long story about that altar if you would have the patience to listen," he continued. And being assured that his story would be willingly listened to, he related all that had passed in the monastery less than a twelvemonth before. "And your words have given me a strange hope," he added, "that the altar was really made by the hands of our Holy Father. Might this be one of the missing fragments of that exquisite mosaic?" and he handed his visitor the tiny butterfly in mother-o'-pearl which he had worn round his neck as a holy relic for over seventy years. The young man carefully examined it, and read the letters which were still quite legible. Every doubt had now vanished from his mind as to the origin of the precious altar. "It was St. Ilario indeed who had made it, a work of infinite love and infinite patience, for the sanctuary of his beloved Madonna. When he was driven from his monastery it was removed to the castle chapel, and when the princes in their turn were put to flight, it was carefully hidden in some underground cellars, where for centuries it remained forgotten and unknown." This was what passed through the artist's thoughts while he was examining the little butterfly, but he kept them to himself, unwilling to raise the old man's hopes, it might be fruitlessly.

"Would you trust this to me for a few hours?" he asked almost timidly. "I am a stranger, but I see how you

value it, and I will bring it back to you safely ere long."

"You may take it," answered the Abbot, after a moment's hesitation. "For three-quarters of a century it has hung round my neck, and it is very precious to me, but I believe you will return it faithfully. 'A rivederci,' and remember you cannot come here after the Ave Maria!"

So the young man left the quiet convent, and as he walked down the steep mountain path and through Don Nicola's vineyards, a strong hope arose in his heart of restoring the precious altar to the care of Padre Ilario. Great was the surprise of Don Nicola, on seeing the "signore forestiere" return to his house and ask to be shown the altar which he had already seen that morning, and great was his annoyance on hearing that he had come to prove that the altar had once belonged to the convent church. That St. Ilario had worked the mosaic was now an undeniable fact, for the little butterfly in mother-o'-pearl fitted exactly between two flowers in lapis-lazuli. It had fallen out, as had several other fragments of mother-o'-pearl.

"I would willingly have given the altar to Padre Ilario, knowing that it once belonged to the monastery," said Don Nicola with a cunning smile, "but it is no longer mine to give, it belongs to the King. I have had a letter this very day, saying he has bought it for one of the royal palaces."

The young man, however, would not be discouraged.

"If it belongs to the King, I will speak to him myself, and the altar shall cover the shrine containing the relics of St. Ilario."

Sitting alone in his little cell, the Abbot waited anxiously for his visitor's return. The afternoon wore on, the sun set, and the twilight began, but still he did not come. At last the church bells rang out the Angelus.

"He will not come to-night!" exclaimed the old man. "Perhaps he will never come again; he will return to Naples and forget the 'farfaletta,' it seems of so little value. There are three things I have been fond of," he continued half-musingly to himself, "and I

shall never see them again. The altar, which was worthy of the tomb of St. Ilario, was no sooner given than it was taken away. The miraculous picture of Our Lady, which I have loved from a child, I am unable to see, shut up in my cell; and now I have lost the little relic of St. Ilario which had been dear to me nearly all my life. Well, God knows what He does—"Non ci si pensa piu!"

Yet for many days he hoped the "forestiere" might still return, but when a week went by and no one came, he grew weary of expecting, and tried to forget the little butterfly and the altar of lapis-lazuli.

The month of April was drawing to its close and the feast of St. Ilario was approaching, and all the monks were busily employed in decorating the church for that day.

It was very early on the morning of the feast, when the lay-brother entered the Abbot's cell, and said, "the signore forestiere had come to the convent and desired to speak with him."

The Abbot was already up, notwithstanding the early hour, for he slept but little, and although feeble and infirm, often rose at dawn.

"You have brought me my relic?" were his first words to his visitor. "Why have you made me wait so long?"

"I could not come sooner," was the reply, "and even now I have not brought it to you; to see it you must come down into the church."

The old monk fixed his eyes earnestly on the young man's face; he understood all, yet hesitated to answer.

"Is it possible?" he exclaimed at last.

"Yes, father," cried the monks. "On the feast of St. Ilario you must come into the church; we will carry you there, if necessary."

But they did not carry him. A new strength seemed to come to him, and, leaning on the arm of the young artist, he slowly descended into the little church, and in a few minutes was kneeling before the altar of St. Ilario.

"It is a present from the King," whispered the young man in his ear, and he would fain have told him more, but he did not seem to listen, his whole



"THE OLD MONK FIXED HIS EYES EARNESTLY ON THE YOUNG MAN'S FACE; HE UNDERSTOOD ALL"

soul was absorbed in a prayer of thanksgiving.

"Bring me my vestments," he said at last. "Shall I not say mass on the feast of our holy father?"

The monks obeyed him half unwillingly, but joy seemed to have brought back his strength.

The bright April sunshine poured through the church windows, causing the jewelled crowns of the Madonna and Child to glitter, and the agate and lapis-lazuli to shine like precious stones.

It also shed its radiant light on the face of the old Abbot as he said his last mass at the altar of St. Ilario.





LIFE IN THE BLACK COUNTRY: THE BRIGHT AND DARK SIDE

WRITTEN BY E. T. SLATER

**T**HE "Black Country" is not an attractive name for a district. It suggests visions of a benighted region destitute of foliage, overhung with a heavy pall of smoke, and peopled by a race as gloomy and depressed as their surroundings.



WEDNESBURY PARK. A NEW USE FOR AN OLD PIT-MOUND

*From Photo by F. H. HILL, Wednesbury.*

mounds into public parks has begun, and it is not likely to end here.

Life in the Black Country has its own special excitements. Recently the good people of Wednesbury have been disturbed by subterranean fires breaking out in the old mines. The old road from Wednesbury to Darlaston has been rendered impassable by one of these fires, and not so long ago the fire was the occasion of a sad catastrophe. A watchman, placed on duty to warn passers by from a large subsidence caused by the smouldering fire, himself fell into the trap and was cremated before help could arrive. A policeman, who ran to the rescue, won quite a local reputation by his gallantry in recovering the charred remains of the old watchman. The strange feature of these fires is that hardly anything short of a deep trench filled with sand can stop their advance. A former resident in Wednesbury asserts that he has put out a fire by emptying a cartload of salt down the hole where the fire was raging; but the fires are never entirely conquered, and a second conflagration near Bridge Street, at Wednesbury, has entailed on

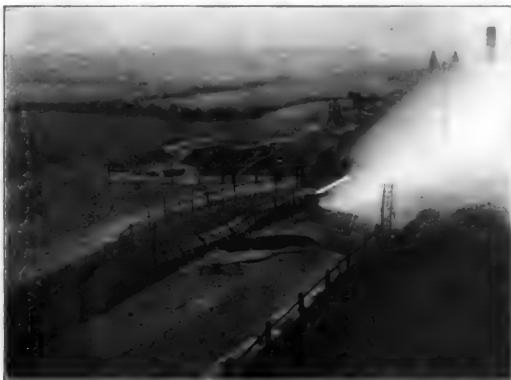
the town still further expense. Indeed, these subterranean fires are no new phenomena. As far back as 1739, Dr. Wilkes, a celebrated local historian, speaks thus of the coal works then on fire at Wednesbury, which took up 11 acres of ground:—"We have long had a wild fire," he says, writing on May 31st, 1739, "in the old coal pits, in Wednesbury field, where the gob or broken coal takes fire and burns as long as the air can come to it."

It is the same learned doctor who writes contemptuously of the outbreak of Methodism round his native town of Willenhall. John Wesley spent a good deal of his time in the Black Country, and became a great power, especially in Darlaston, Wednesbury, and the district round about. He and his brother Charles were sent there by the Lady Huntingdon, and worked to some purpose, but Dr. Wilkes, who was a good old Tory, considered them a nuisance. "These Methodists," he says, "affright the people by preaching damnation to them; cause them to neglect their labour, and do great mischief in this populous part of the kingdom."

There were great riots against the Methodists at that time, and Dr. Wilkes relates how some of the Revivalists fell down in the church at Darlaston, made unusual noises, and, like the French people in Queen Anne's time, pretended to receive the Holy Spirit. This caused a mob to arise and break the windows of the house where they assembled to preach and sing psalms.

Not only are subterranean fires a mere ordinary occurrence, but a ride through the district will soon show other dangers. Round about Tipton and Dudley, a house standing at its proper

earned savings, so that he might live in a house of his own. It is the fashion to borrow on mortgage, purchase some land, and build one or two houses, and then spend several years in paying back capital and interest. The loss was, in some cases, very cruel. Small tradesmen in Quarry Bank invest their savings in house property, and have suffered, not only through the injuries caused by the undermining to their property, but by loss of custom, now that the little town is decaying. But the undermining is no uncommon incident. Many a little mining village can now be seen



A SUBTERRANEAN FIRE

angle and without cracks, is rather a curiosity than otherwise. A Black-Country artisan thinks nothing of having to raise up two of the legs of his kitchen table with props, so that the dishes may keep their place at the family board. Attention has been recently attracted to the undermining of the little township of Quarry Bank, by Lord Dudley's lessees. Many of the cottages have fallen altogether, in some cases ruining the owner, often a hard-working miner or artisan, who had laid up his hard-

half in ruins. Other more prosperous towns—such as Brierley Hill—have had the foresight to buy the mines beneath the town and so to dwell in security.

Fifty years ago, or even more recently, the two staple industries of the district were mining and the iron trade. Fortunately, iron and coal lay conveniently near to each other, and brought prosperity to the Black Country; but times have changed. The old coal-fields have been largely abandoned. About a third of the coal still remains

in the original mining district, but the mines are flooded, and a Mines Drainage Commission has been for years hard at work trying to carry out a system of drainage. Till their operations have proved successful—and the prospect has improved now that electric power is to be used—little can be done with the old mines; but, fortunately for the district, new measures were, some time ago, discovered further afield, at Sandwell and Hamstead, and gigantic collieries, well known in the mining world, are now established at these places.

Nor does the iron trade occupy its old position. The keen competition of other districts and foreign countries has had its effect. It still holds a leading position, but never will it flourish as in the days of the Franco-German war, when the iron-worker made his £5 a-week, fed on ducks and green peas, and had a glorious time.

The wrought-iron trades—such as the making of nuts and bolts, tubes, agricultural implements and fencing, chains, cables, and anchors, iron and steel in many shapes, and for many purposes—have now taken a firm hold in the district; and, of course, the cycling trade has been introduced. Formerly one of the wonders of the Black Country was the sight by night, when the whole district was lighted up with the glare of the flames from the blast furnaces. Seen from a neighbouring summit, this great industrial workshop looked for miles like a great inferno. Twenty

or thirty years ago, there were something like two hundred blast furnaces: now there are not more than a quarter of that number. The waste gases are economised, and the flames no longer burst forth from the tops of the great furnaces; but it is still a delight to the few visitors interested in the iron trade to see the bright stream of iron issue forth from the furnace and run along the little channels made in the sand for its reception.

In its outward aspect the Black Country is not always uninviting. The desolate region lying between the various towns, where the coal has been gotten and only pit-mounds and wide stretches of waste land meet the eye, has sometimes a peculiar beauty of its own. The grass is now beginning to give the mounds a kindly covering of green. On a bright spring morning, when the ponds that lie about are sparkling brilliantly in the sunlight, a ramble in and out among these miniature hills is well worth taking. In the evening, too, there are some strange effects. Then a distant church tower looming dark against the bright west, the ruins of some deserted colliery, and a few solitary figures passing in the distance over this strange, deserted country, often make a picture well worth an artist's attention. In time the country may become beautiful again, but for many a long year the Black Country will remain one of the great workshops of the world.





# TWO MEN AND A WOMAN

WRITTEN BY LADY WOOD

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. GILLINGWATER

## CHAPTER I.

**A** SULTRY day in July, the Royal Academy full of a motley crowd of sight-seers. Fashion and folly, beauty and grace, country and town. In one room, in which hung the famous picture of the "Doctor," there was crowding and pushing, squeezing and elbowing with not a few indignant words from country cousins unused to such ebullitions of temper and selfish crowds.

As the people pressed around, one man alone stood his ground, apparently indifferent to angry looks and shoving elbows. He was tall and powerfully built, with a frank, open countenance and pleasant smile, even when the crowd thickened and elbowed him most. By-and-bye he moved on, referring to the catalogue he held in his hand—admiring, criticising—for he himself was a painter.

He looked as though the world had been kind to him, and he a thoroughly happy man, and so for the time being he was. His picture had been accepted, and if rather "skied," still it was a step to better things. He was happy, thoroughly happy, in the thought.

He stood and gazed at his painting, detecting many faults, all of which he would avoid in the future—more light here, more vivid colouring there, a more dashing style with strokes less careful

and laboured. He had ambition, with the wish, the will to succeed; he would make a name for himself, the world should talk of him; his wife—Ah! his wife; his whole face brightened, and a world of tenderness swept over it as he thought of her, and what she would do and say.

He went back to the painting of the "Doctor," and looking at it, saw how faraway he was from so much excellence. He might, he could imagine as touching a subject; but the painting it, the working it out, what months, nay, perhaps years of study and labour to achieve it. "I won't, I don't despair," he thought, looking down at his catalogue; "and when a man is thoroughly happy and has a dear, loving little wife to work for, what can't he achieve."

There was a stir, and once more the crowd pressed upon him. He looked up, and as he looked, the happy, tender smile faded, his face flushed, then paled to a deadly white; his fingers closed on the catalogue in his hand, until his nails nearly tore it. The room—everything was in a mist; he tottered, and was conscious of a hand on his arm guiding him to a seat.

"The heat has overcome you," said a friendly voice.

But, "Oh, God, can it be," he wailed in his heart, and though his head drooped over the book on his knees, he felt the

presence of a man in the crowd before him. In an agony he waited, his nerves so unstrung that a touch would have made him cry out; his ears keenly alive to the one footstep. It came nearer and nearer, was passing; he breathed more freely, he looked up.

Ah! he was there, in front of him, grasping his hand!

"By Jove! old man, so awfully glad to see you. Unexpected pleasure. Eh! Why! Don't you recognise me? What ails you?"

"The heat," answered the other, unconsciously quoting the words that had been addressed to him but now.

"You don't look very fit."

"No, I have overworked myself. I've—I've—a picture, a painting here—accepted, you know," said he, striving to pull himself together.

"Lucky devil!" replied the other. "Can't you say you're glad to see me?"

"We—we thought you were dead, Griffith. It's a shock to me, you know."

"Oh, ah! drowned, eh! By God! I had a narrow shave of it—saved by a miracle, and all the rest of it."

"It's five years ago, and we believed it; you made no sign—you were alive!"

"Why should I? You all hated me and thought me a black sheep, even Marion; I did not care to go back to it all over again."

"The certainty of your death (for, mind you, there was no doubt) killed your mother."

"Ah! poor soul, if only she had lived to enjoy the heaps of money her so-called blackguard son had earned, and honestly, all honestly, mind you; no roguery, no shiftiness, no fraud; all my own good honest delving. You may work your fingers to the bone, Maple, and get your brain addled, before your brush brings in as much grist to the mill as my delving has done."

The speaker was as tall and as well-made a man as the other, but with a slight stoop of the shoulders which the other had not. His face which must have been handsome in early youth, had now, at thirty, a red flush, the unmistakable signs of a fast life, which perhaps the arch-enemy drink had had not a little to do with.

"It's insufferably hot here," he said, "let's make tracks. Where are your diggins?"

"I live in the country. I came up this morning, and must be going home."

"Not a bit of it, old fellow, you'll come and dine with me. I'll give you something to eat and drink that will make another man of you."

"Thank you, not to-day, some other day. It's nearly five o'clock, and I have an hour by rail."

"Hang it, man, I'll take no excuse. If you miss your train, I'll give you a shake-down at my hotel."

"I cannot stop the night, I must return," and a slight tremor seemed to run through him.

"Oh! I see. There's is a Madam in the case. You're married, eh?"

"Married! Yes—No—Oh, no!"

"Well, you don't seem to be very sure about it," and he laughed. "Any way, if you can't come with me, we'll reverse the order of things, and I'll go with you. Which shall it be?"

"I'll go with you, Griffith."

"Well spoken and judged," said the other.

## CHAPTER II.

It went by the name of "Rose Cottage," probably on account of the two big rose-trees climbing up the front of the house, even to the bedroom windows, besides which, the small garden in front was one mass of rose-trees, all at this time of the year in full bloom.

Against the open door leant a small, girlish figure, holding a large, broad brimmed hat in her hand. The rays of the setting sun, glancing through the trees touched her hair with their yellow light, making it shine like burnished gold.

She was not beautiful, but her large dark eyes had a depth and pathos that insensibly attracted and fascinated. She leant idly against the porch, a soft, happy smile on her lips; yet there were times when Marion Maple's face became overshadowed as though with some past sorrow. She could not have been more than three-and-twenty, and was young to have had many, or, indeed, any trials, and the young so easily outlive them:

but somehow there was a shadow on the sweet face more or less visible at times.

"'Tis most time to be starting, Ma'am," said a woman's voice in the passage behind her.

At the same moment a distant clock chimed the half-hour, and Marion put on her hat and went out.

Leaving the cottage, she passed down a shady lane and on to the broad road beyond. It was steep, and led up to the railway station, round a turning to the left, almost at the top of the hill. She went a short way up and seated herself on a mile-stone. There was an expectant look on her face; the train was late, and she plucked some daisies near, and pulled them to pieces in her impatience.

But, at last, the rumble of an approaching train broke the soft summer stillness, and once more the happy smile crossed her lips, as though some one near and dear were coming swiftly by it. Soon the banging of doors, the noise of the steam, then the shrill whistle and a fresh rumbling, as the train once more went on its more or less perilous journey.

She looked anxiously up the road: there were not many passengers, only half a dozen or so, and they all went off up the brow of the hill out of sight.

She waited ten minutes, a quarter of an hour, the minutes went by so slowly as she clasped her hands tightly in her lap, struggling with the tears that welled up into her eyes and the nervous dread of some impending calamity.

Once more she looked round, but there was no one in sight, no sound of an approaching footstep, and as the distant clock chimed six, with a deep sigh she rose and went home.

The same woman who had spoken to her but now in the passage was busy laying the cloth for dinner.

"Why, what ails you, Ma'am?" she cried.

Marion sank into a chair trembling in every limb.

"Oh, Susan," she murmured, "he has not come by the train!"

Susan started, then quickly recovered herself.

"Well, Ma'am, and what of that?" she said, "he's missed it, that's all."

"Do you really think so?"

"Why, what else should I think?"

"If—if there should be anything wrong. The train was late."

"They mostly are, and so's the men. Now you get ready for dinner, and don't be making the master anxious with the sight of your pale face when he comes home by the ten o'clock express, as he surely will."

"No train before ten o'clock, Susan! Oh! what a long time to wait."

"Not a bit of it. You get ready for your dinner. I've a nice roast fowl, the master likes it cold just as well as hot, and I'll be baking some potatoes to go with it later on."

"But I cannot eat anything."

"Oh yes, you can. It is not right to make miserable over things as is never going to happen, or any ways that mayn't ever happen. Now, make haste, Ma'am; I'm going to dish up."

Marion rose and went slowly upstairs, not much reassured by Susan's words, but feeling comforted nevertheless.

As she disappeared, a step sounded on the gravel walk without. Susan went hastily to the door, just in time to receive a telegram, and prevent the boy from shouting his news in the passage. She took the envelope, turned it this way and that, and after a moment's hesitation, put it in her pocket.

"'Tis no use giving it to the mistress till after dinner. How do I know it is not bad news? Dear, dear me! I hope there's nothing ill coming to us. We've had enough, God knows."

Susan had lived with Marion's mother since the latter was quite a child, and at her mistress' death had taken service with the daughter, to whom she was more like a friend than a servant. Any sorrow Marion had had, Susan had shared it; she was faithful and true, and utterly devoted to her nursing, and many and deep were the sighs she gave as she dished up the dinner; yet her face was smiling and her voice cheery when Marion sat down to the solitary meal, and with a great lump in her throat, tried to eat, and *did* eat, for there was no refusing when Susan willed.

"Now, you're going to drink a glass of port wine; it's one of the bottles left out of the lot master bought when you were so ill last year."

"No, Susan, no; indeed, I would rather not."

"I've drawn the cork," in a not-to-be-gainsaid voice, as she poured the wine into the glass, "and I'm thinking it'll have to be drunk."

And Marion resigned herself to the stronger will and drank it.

It was a miserable meal, not all Susan's cheerful talk could make it otherwise, and even Susan was relieved when it came to an end; yet she lingered in the room on one excuse or another, undecided as to what she should do with the telegram. Several times she put her hand in her pocket and took hold of the envelope, but always to draw it out empty, with a solemn shake of the head and a glance at the clock, as if making up her mind whether or no to retain it until a certain hour, when she could have no further excuse for withholding it; and as Marion took up a book and drew the lamp towards her, Susan thankfully left the room, spared the temptation of giving the telegram or the compunction of not giving it.

As the distant clock chimed the quarter past nine, Susan returned with the crumpled envelope in her hand, and with no apology for its tardiness, but many misgivings, gave it to Marion.

The poor pale face flushed then paled again; she smoothed the crumpled cover with trembling fingers and looked at Susan, but Susan had turned her back and was busy at the sideboard; so after a moment's hesitation she rose and left the room softly.

Susan saw no more of her that evening, she fidgeted about, now upstairs, now down, but everything was still and silent, and at ten o'clock she closed the doors and windows gently, and, more gently still, went up to her mistress's bedroom door; she tapped, and receiving no answer, divested herself of her shoes and went in.

Marion lay in a deep sleep, her fair hair sweeping the pillow, her eyelashes wet with tears, and the telegram on the counterpane close to her hand. Susan took it up, and adjusting her spectacles, read:—

*"Detained. Return to-morrow."*

She put the paper down and crept softly from the room.

"These are the words that break women's hearts," she muttered to herself angrily and mournfully.

### CHAPTER III.

NEVER did Robert Maple pass a more miserable hour than that during the dinner with his friend, or the man calling himself his friend. The dinner was excellent, the champagne also, and but for the temporary excitement the latter gave, he must have broken down completely. He suffered an agony, his head throbbed, his heart seemed numbed and incapable (mercifully) of thought. When his companion spoke, he tried to concentrate his mind on the question; to form the answer he should give. To him it seemed that this man was trying to probe his inmost heart, to wrench from him his secret agony, to mock and jeer him with the cruel words he would hurl at him, the cruel deeds that would follow. He knew him as heartless and unprincipled, his vengeance would be terrible and sure.

They were talking of old times, old scenes, old places well known to both of them.

"You remember Seth Jones? But of course you remember him," said Griffith, as though to doubt the assertion were ridiculous.

"The son of the innkeeper? Well, yes, I know to whom you allude: he holds no place in my memory, except as a blackguard of the worst type."

The other coughed. "Just so," he said. "Well, he turned up at my diggings."

Robert lifted the glass of champagne to his lips, but made no reply.

"He left Marlow not so long after I did, and brought me news up to date."

"I suppose so," replied the other, as though the assertion was quite indifferent to him; but his hand shook as he put down the glass.

"My mother, poor soul!" and for the first time he lowered his loud tone; there was a break in his voice, a softening in the bold look in his eyes, almost he sighed, as for a moment he hesitated ere he went on speaking.

"Well—well, she died. I could not help it, but it hit me hard. How was I to know she would take it so to heart."



"Your death, you mean?"

"What else should I mean," said Griffith angrily. "Seth said the news of it killed her, and he did not spare me one single detail of it; he piled up the agony, throwing it at me like so many red-hot coals. I don't suppose the halt he told me was true, for he always hated me, but I wasn't in the mind to doubt anything he said, and I just felt a brute, a scoundrel. I had been going to the dogs a long time, and now I went full tilt; what money I made, I gambled; what drink I could get, I drank; then I was struck down with fever, and mercifully unconscious for days and days. Well, to make a long story short, a miner's wife took compassion on me and nursed me back to life; and somehow, as I lay there helpless, the touch of her hand on the pillow, the softness of her voice, the gentle tread of her feet, reminded me of Marion, and I struggled for life. I would live for my wife! I would work for her, toil for her! I would become rich, and then I would go back to her."

Robert said nothing, neither did he raise his eyes; he leant back in his chair giving no sign that he heard or heeded what the other was saying; only once more the glass was at his lips, and once more he drained it.

"Seth could tell me nothing of my wife, or would not; she had made no sign since the news of my death had reached Marlow; no one had seen her, no one knew aught of her; only he swore by all that was holy that she was not dead."

"How did he know that?" asked Robert, rousing himself and lifting his heavy eyes for the first time to meet the other's gaze.

"How do people know things? He swore it, and I believed him. She didn't love me well enough to break her heart over me; all Seth could say was, that she had left Marlow, no one knew where she had gone, and no one cared."

"That was not true," said Robert sharply.

"What was not true?" asked Griffith angrily.

"That no one cared for her," replied Robert doggedly.

"Why d—n it all, man, what do you mean?" said the other, springing to his

feet, his face a-flame; "What do you know; out with it, man!"

"Did not Seth tell you that I had left Marlow only a few days after you did?"

"Tell me? Of course he told me," shouted the other. "What's that got to do with it?" And he struck the table with his clenched fist.

"Then, if I was not in Marlow how could I know anything?"

"The devil knows what you're driving at, for I don't," said Griffith. "If I thought you were shuffling I'd have it out of you! And if any man has dared to stand in my shoes I'll kill him! So help me God! I will."

Robert answered nothing, his face flushed wrathfully, his mouth quivered, his eyes were a-flame, he clenched his teeth tightly, almost biting through the under-lip. After a minute's hesitation, he with a wave of his hand seemed to thrust aside his anger, and not without an effort of will he spoke.

"Do you think it advisable we should quarrel?" he asked coldly.

"I don't want to quarrel, only I don't understand you, I swear I don't; you were always unfathomable and—and unapproachable."

"Will you smoke?" said Robert, passing his cigar case.

As the smoke floated between them, neither seemed inclined to pursue the conversation; but the silence was irksome. Robert could think of nothing to say, and Griffith's scowling face shadowed forth that his thoughts were buried in the past, and that if he spoke it would be of a bygone near to him, and also dear to him.

"You left Marlow before I did. I suppose you didn't return?" asked Griffith sullenly.

"You forget, my mother lives there."

Again there was silence, and when Griffith spoke it was as though uttering his thoughts aloud.

"They thought me a black sheep," said he, "and I was a black sheep. I bullied my father for money—always money. I bullied my wife because she hadn't any. I was a brute, a d—d brute, so everyone said; but at heart I wasn't so bad. Even at my worst I was always thinking—thinking of what I could do. I wanted to turn over a new

leaf, but I would make no sign lest I should be branded as a coward; and a coward I was, for I daren't meet my wife's eyes; they looked into my soul, they pierced me through and through—the sorrow—the anguish of them was more than I could bear, and I fled from them, and let it be thought I was dead, because I daren't go back and face them; but now—now—things are changed—I'm changed, I'm a rich man, that makes all the difference. I don't want money, I have it; but I want my wife," said he doggedly; "I want her and I'll have her."

He puffed his cigar viciously, sending forth angry clouds of smoke. "Of course I could find her," continued he; "I've only to put those blessed detectives on her track; but that's the last thing I'll do. She hated everything underhand, and I won't spy on her. She's all right wherever she is. She's done no wrong."

"She believes you dead," said Robert with an effort.

"Look here! you stop that. I see what you are driving at. You say one word against her, that's all;" and he clenched his fist.

"You are wrong. I believe no purer woman ever lived than she."

"Help me to find her."

"I!" cried Robert starting up.

"Yes, you and no other; she and your mother were fast friends; my wife loved her; your mother must know where she is, you have only to ask her."

Robert paled to the lips. "I might ask her," said he hesitatingly.

"You must ask her. Sit down man; you see it's this way, you can ask her without any bother and fuss. If I ask her—well I'm not master of myself at times, and there might be a row; but if you don't choose to ask her, I must."

"My mother is paralysed."

"More reason she should be tackled quietly. Any way she'll have to be asked. Either you or I."



"'GOOD NIGHT, OLD FELLOW!' CALLED GRIFFITH AFTER HIM."

"I will go and see her. Good night." And Robert turned to go.

"Stay man, when will you send me a reply."

"The day after to-morrow," replied Robert hoarsely. He went to the door fumbling with the handle as though unable to turn it, passed out and with stumbling steps went down the stairs.

"Good night, old fellow," called Griffith after him, and then "Too much fiz" laughed he as he lit another cigar and settled himself comfortably in his arm chair.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE train came puffing and screaming into the station, and this time Robert Maple came by it. He passed hurriedly out, and down the road where Marion but yesterday had been awaiting him so anxiously; he slackened his pace as he turned into the lane—hesitated—went on and came back, he stood irresolute, pressing his hand to his forehead and almost covering his eyes. Should he go back or go on?

"I must see her!" his voice struck the air with an agonised cry as he passed his handkerchief over his brow damp with great beads of sweat, and once more with hurried steps he went on down the lane, opened the cottage door and entered. At the same moment Susan came down the passage.

"Good day, Susan," and he attempted a smile, but the smile was a failure and his voice even to himself sounded hollow.

"What is it, Master?" she asked anxiously, drawing near and putting her hand on his arm.

Should he tell her? He craved for sympathy, to give vent to the pent-up feelings tearing at his heart-strings. Oh! for one word of comfort; the temptation was great, but he resisted it. What good would it do? Why, none. He gently removed her hand.

"Where is she, Susan?"

Susan's eyes were full of tears as she silently pointed up the stairs.

He went up without hesitation, but with so uncertain and heavy a tread, that Marion, unnerved and worn out with her restless night and sorrowful fears, did not recognise it. As he

entered the room she rose to her feet, startled and trembling, and in a moment, with a joyful cry, was sobbing on his breast as he clasped her passionately in his arms, and all unstrung as he was, whispered words of endearment and love.

"At last, Robert! I have missed you so, and—and I have been so anxious."

"Dear love," he said, stroking her soft hair, and striving to steady his voice.

Is it possible for a man to hide his pain from the woman who loves him? Marion detected it in his voice—in his eyes as she looked up at him.

"Tell me," she said imploringly.

"Tell you what, little woman?" but his heart beat quick and fast.

"Is there nothing to tell? Nothing I can bear part in or help you bear?"

He did not reply. He could not command his voice.

"Am I not your wite, Robert," she pleaded, "to suffer when you suffer."

Ah, God! his wife. He shrank from her, but she put her arms about his neck and pressed her cheek to his.

"I love you, Robert. If you love me, you will tell me."

Love her! He loved her with all his heart, it was death to part from her. All the past miserable night he had fought and battled against the wish to see her, but the wish was stronger than the will, and he had come, was holding her in his arms, and it was anguish unspeakable, but he had braced himself up to bear it. To go away without a word, never hold her in his arms again, never hear her sweet loving words—no, his strength of mind was not equal to it, he could not do it. A dreadful blow had fallen upon them; as yet he alone knew of it and suffered, and he gauged her coming sufferings by his own, yet he was powerless to save her, powerless to avert the blow, which he would have given his life to save her from. Had he not been tempted to take it during the past night—those torturing hours of anguish and despair?

"Marion," he said hoarsely, "only God knows how dearly I love you. What you suffer, I suffer; your pain is my pain, and no woman but you will ever hold a place in my heart; you only shall I love until death——"

"Parts us," added Marion, "you must say that Robert." But he could not.

"You have said it, dear love," was all he could answer.

Marion trembled. He drew her closer to him.

"You are not going away again, Robert," she faltered.

"I must, Marion. I have only come to stay the day, I am going to my mother, she is ill; I must leave by the late train."

It was a falsehood, the only one he could remember having wilfully told in his life, and his conscience smote him like a hammer striking a bell.

"I am so sorry, Robert. Is she very ill? Has it anything to do with her old attack? Oh, I do hope not," asked she anxiously.

"I think not. I hope not," he said gravely, "but—I *must* go to her."

"Of course you must go to her," and

then, entreatingly, "Robert, I should like to nurse her; do let me go with you!"

"No! no!" said he hurriedly, "it's impossible; I must go alone;" and then catching sight of her reproachful look, for he had spoken sternly, he added, "Marion dear, I would take you, God knows how willingly, but—but I dare not."

How strange he was; what had happened to him? Why would he not tell her? Tears welled up into her eyes.

"I had better see about packing your things." She tried not to speak coldly as she left the room.

But he knew she was doubting him, he saw the appeal, the reproach in her eyes; those eyes that even *he* had fled from.

*He!* that other. O God! that other. He clenched his hands, and in sheer despair leant his hot forehead against the cold marble mantelpiece.



"IT'S IMPOSSIBLE; I MUST GO ALONE"

The door opened gently. He started up, and saw Susan standing in the doorway.

"Is it so bad, Master?" and she came near and once again laid her hand on his arm.

This time he shook it off. "Hell! Susan, hell!" he cried.

She shrank back dismayed, "Master," she began.

"Don't call me that!" he exclaimed excitedly. "Oh! I am going mad, don't listen to me, don't heed anything I'm saying;" then more quietly, "only—only take care of her, I beseech you.

"Your wife you mean, sir?"

"I mean Marion—Marion, she whom I love with all my heart and soul. God help us both!"

He went out hurriedly, Susan heard his step on the stairs and the door of the studio close, as with a moan she sat down and throwing her apron over her head cried quietly.

It was evening when Robert and Marion parted. The trees were throwing long shadows across the road, as they swayed gently to and fro in the fading light of the setting sun, and she, tearful and agitated, stood at the door of the cottage, watching his retreating figure as hastily, too hastily, he went out of her sight.

"If I do not return to-morrow or next day I will write."

These were his last words, and over and over again she repeated them to herself, but they brought no comfort to her soul, only terrifying misgivings of some impending evil.

He, speeding on in the train, broken-hearted and anguished, his thoughts not of himself and his pain, but of hers, and how he could *not* save her or avert the awful calamity that had come upon them and engulfed them in its terrible embrace. She had no one to comfort her in her misery but Susan; whilst he—he had his gentle, loving mother to whom he could pour out all his pent-up agony which was binding his heart almost to breaking; yes, there was a partial relief in the thought; then he hated himself for imagining that anything could assuage his woe, while she had no one—no one; and he covered his face with his hands, for the light of the

setting sun was odious to him, and groaned aloud.

Surely no man living had suffered as he was suffering, God help him! so he thought. Late that night he reached his mother's house and knelt by her bedside.

"Oh, mother," he said in a scarcely audible voice; "an awful, terrible calamity has befallen me, I am, God help me, a miserable broken-hearted man."

#### CHAPTER V.

AND Marion? She who was still ignorant of the woeful misfortune that was coming towards her with fateful steps, the grievous blow that was to lay in the dust all her hopes of happiness. Marion passed a miserable night: an undefinable fear—a dread of evil to come—had possession of her.

"If I do not return to-morrow or next day, I will write."

And he had not written; and she hoped: oh! how she hoped.

Now she prayed he might not write, his silence was her hope, and hope buoyed her up with its smiling face; thoughts of past happy days and of bright ones to come. Why should she fear the future? Robert loved her; she knew it, she felt it, and yet for all that her heart sank within her, and at times she *feared*.

Another night, another day, and as the morning waned and the afternoon drew on and still no news of Robert, there came a touch of lightness to her step, a glimmer of brightness in her eyes; he would come, nay, he was coming, was already on his way; her fears had been foolish, her misgivings groundless; was she not his wife? Only death could separate them, and death had never even faintly cast his fitful shadow near them. Robert had been strange, unlike himself, but he was well; had he not held her in his arms in all the strength of his manhood. She went down stairs and opened the door of his studio. The sun was shining full into the room, its bright beams saddened her; she drew down the blind and looked around; unconsciously glancing at the writing table, and in a moment she was beside it: he might

have left a letter, she had never thought of that, but save for a few circulars, and two or three blank sheets of paper there was nothing—nothing. She was moving away when her dress touched a bunch of keys hanging in one of the drawers. Her husband's keys! he had left them here! how careless! She opened the drawer: it was empty! and so on the others, as she pulled them open one after another. A pang shot through her, a sudden stab, oh God! what was the meaning of this? Trembling motionless she stood; then with a smothered cry hurried into the passage and snatching her garden hat off a peg went swiftly out—through the garden gate along the lane and up the road to the Station.

It was yet early; it could not be more than five o'clock; an hour—whole hour to wait; what could she do alone with the terrifying thoughts that possessed her? She went up the hill at such a pace that she had to pause breathless ere she reached the top, and panting leant against a tree to recover breath. The cool soft wind blew through her hair, the twittering of birds fell on her ear with the bleating of distant sheep; all these signs of life about and around her tended in a measure to calm her distress, and though still nervous and anxious, she went calmly down the hill and seated herself on the friendly mile-stone where so often she had awaited her husband. And she awaited him now. Her heart leapt at the thought as she gazed at the spot where, coming round from the station, she always caught sight of him. A rumbling of wheels from behind (but Marion was too lost in conflicting thoughts to heed them) and a van heavily laden with furniture came in sight.

The horses struggled with their load, the corner round which they had come was a sharp turning, and the hill steep, a man was leading and urging on the foremost horse, another man and a boy helping by turning with all their strength one of the wheels. Of a sudden the man left hold of the spokes and called out at the top of his voice. "Hold hard, Bill! d—yer. By—he'll be in on us!" and rushing to the

horse's head he strove with all his might to back the van into the hedge.

But it was too late; a man on a bicycle was coming down the hill at headlong speed; there was a crash, a cry, a sudden swerving and stamping of the horses, then silence, and a deathlike hush.

Marion was a courageous woman, but her heart failed her for fear of the terrible sight which might meet her eyes on the other side of the van, but she got up resolutely and bravely, and went round, little prepared for the shock that awaited her.

A man was lying prostrate in the road, the two other men stooping over him; one had his head on his knees, the other was wiping the blood splashed about his face.

"Is he much hurt?" asked Marion, faintly.

"Well, Ma'am, I'm thinking 'tis as bad as can be."

She went nearer, until she stood close by, looking down at the stranger.

Then a moan, scarcely heard, swept across her lips, an ashen hue crept over her face, she staggered against the side of the van; earth, sky, all was a blank—a mist, but she did not lose consciousness, the mist cleared—she fought with her weakness, with the awful shock of the cruel blow that had struck her as she looked on the man's face, and recognised him.

A few minutes of agonised struggling with her weakness, of terrible awakening as to direful things to come, and of what she must do now—now. Poor thing, she was all distraught, and shuddered from head to foot as she went towards the boy standing a-gape, and touched him.

"Here is a shilling for you," and her voice seemed hushed and strange to her, as she took her purse with shaking fingers from her pocket, "if you will go at once for Doctor Abney, the first house on the right as you go into the town."

"I knows, ma'am, all right," said the boy, "I'll do it!" and he started off as though glad to leave so dismal a scene.

"And you," she said, turning to the men, "will bring him to my house. Can you? It is close by," she added.

seeing that they looked at one another as though hesitating, "Oh! do, pray do," and she clasped her hands imploringly.

"Well ma'am, you see"—and he looked at his mate doubtfully, "in course, in course we'll do it, but how's it to be done, Bill?"

"Well, there's the mattress," replied the other, glancing at the van, "'tis a case of life or death. Suppose we'd best have it down."

They tied the horses' heads to the stump of a tree, and in a few minutes, which seemed like an eternity to the anxious woman, brought the mattress, lifted the injured man on to it, and followed her down the lane, into the cottage and up the stairs; but at the top they stumbled, it was a narrow, awkward turning into the passage, and the noise brought Susan all aghast and trembling in every limb, never doubting but that the master had been brought home dying or dead. She stood for a moment to recover her scattered senses, and then followed into the bedroom just as the men were lifting gently the insensible form on to the bed. She stood aside as one of them passed out with the mattress rolled up on his shoulder, and Marion advanced to the other, and putting some silver into his hand closed the door behind them, and the two women were alone. Susan was standing by the bed, her hands clasped tightly across her chest, a startled, horrified look on her face.

"Oh! my poor mistress. Oh! Miss Marion," she said breathlessly, unconsciously reverting to the old familiar name.

"Don't stand like that, Susan," cried Marion, coming towards her. "Do something! For God's sake do something."

Susan took her by the arm, and sat her in a chair.

"Sit there," she said authoritatively, "I'll do what I can, never fear—but the doctor."

"He's coming. I've done everything. Oh! what shall I do? What shall I do?" wailed the stricken woman.

"Sit quiet, ma'am, and just try to—not let everyone know."

Marion relapsed into silence, but her

heart spoke loud and fast, the events of the last few days rising ghostlike before her mental vision. Robert's strangeness, his silence, all was explained, she no longer feared evil to come, the evil, nay, shame was upon her never to leave her, but be with her for evermore; there was no battle to fight, and in the end a hope of victory. There was only her shame to face, and her duty. Alas! what was her duty? Did she owe it to this man or the other? O God! this man was her lawful husband. She was a sinful woman—a sinful, wicked woman—and her life from henceforth would be a curse, she was wrecked body and soul.

She was sitting near the open window, and, for the second time that day, the soft wind blew through her hair, the sun's beams fell across her, but she felt and saw nothing save the body on the bed and Susan bending over it. What was she doing? what right had she to do anything while she herself was idle, and every moment that passed might be his last?

She rose like one distracted and went swiftly over to the bed, and at that moment the door opened and Doctor Abney entered the room. He took things in at a glance, as medical men generally do, and taking her hand in his, drew her away from the bed towards the door, opened it, and as she passed out closed it behind her.

He returned, and all unnerved and fearful, Susan helped him as best her trembling hands would let her, he grumbling now and again at her awkwardness.

When all was done that could be done, Susan looked at him apprehensively. "Will he recover, sir; is there hope?"

"Is he a relative of your mistress?" he asked.

"N-n-o," hesitated Susan, and prayed to be forgiven her falsehood.

"A stranger?" he questioned looking at her searchingly.

"Yes," she answered and this time without hesitation.

"Well, the spine is injured, and there is that nasty cut on the temple and o'er complications; no, no; I see very little hope of recovery."

"And—and won't he know any one again, sir?"

"He *may* recover consciousness," said he slowly; "in the meanwhile tell your mistress I will remain, and my good woman get me a cup of tea."

Very gently Susan opened Marion's bedroom door, prepared for sobs and tears, and despairful anguish, but she found her in a dead faint on the floor, she tried to raise her but finding it beyond her strength fetched some pillows from the bed and placed them under her.

"Poor thing, poor thing," said she in a broken voice; "she's happier as she is; I won't disturb her"; and, throwing a light shawl over Marion, she went to get the tea for the doctor.

#### CHAPTER VI.

MARION sat by the bedside of the injured man. It seemed months, not days, he had lain there unconscious. Would he ever rouse? ever look at her? ever recognise her? And then—then and after, what would happen should he recover? And should he not recover? She cast from her the damning thoughts which strove within her, and prayed with all her strength to combat them.

She did not love him. Once her love had been his—how long ago it seemed—and he had trampled on it, crushed it. She had given it to another, who was less than nothing to her now. He loved her—this other—oh! how he loved her, or rather how he *had* loved her; for she no longer belonged to him, and he must not, he dare not love her now—she was another man's wife. Oh the horror, the mockery of it. It was a sin for her to be thinking of him; yet, poor woman, he was in her thoughts night and day.

The letter he had promised had come, she had read it with dry eyes and an ache at her heart threatening to stop its beating; all his sorrow, his suffering, his anguish, was in every line he wrote, yet he spoke no word of them, all his thoughts were of her and with her, and that he could do nothing to help or comfort her in the terrible calamity that had come upon her. But it was the last lines that struck chill on her heart. "We must not meet again," he wrote, "it is best so, though God knows it tears

my heart in pieces to write it. I sail for America to-morrow, and may God help you and have you in His keeping."

He was gone! gone for ever! and she covered her face with her hands and groaned.

When the paroxysm of grief had passed she looked up only to find the sick man's eyes open and looking at her. She felt turned to stone and her heart fainted within her, but she rose, lifted him and put a glass to his lips, he drank and lay back amongst the pillows, his eyes still on her, but his brain wandering and he speaking of things and events of which she knew nothing.

"When will Mr. Maple return?" asked old Dr. Abney of Marion.

"He cannot come. He is in America," she paled ever so little, feeling, though perhaps it was her imagination, that he was looking at her searchingly.

"This man is a great charge. There is the hospital."

"Oh no," she replied hurriedly, "my—my husband would wish him to remain here," and she felt her face flushing scarlet at the falsehood.

"It is a great charge," he said again, gravely, but this time he avoided looking at her.

But the day came when her charge of him ceased. His thoughts no longer wandered, his lips no longer uttered strange things. He slept as gently as a child, and she watched him.

It was evening when he roused and stretched his hand feebly towards her, seeming in no way surprised at her presence.

"Marion!" he said.

She stooped and pressed her lips gently on his forehead. You must not talk, perhaps to-morrow——"

"I must—I—I am dying, it's all over with me. There's no to-morrow for me. 'Tis the end, Marion, the end. Once I was near it—very near, but now there's no mistake."

"Hush! it is bad for you to talk. Let me shake up your pillow; there, that is better. Now try and rest quiet for awhile."

"Yes," he said feebly, "quiet—very quiet—the quietness of death."

She went and sat away from him,



hoping he would sleep or at least rest, but his mournful eyes ever looked at her longingly, and it seemed to her, as he moved his hands on the coverlet, that they became weaker and his face more white and set. A chill fear struck her heart; was it, indeed, as he said, the quietness of death approaching? She hastily went out and sent Susan for the doctor.

When she returned the sick man motioned her towards him; she went and knelt by his side, and as she took his hand in hers, shuddered at the coldness of it.

"You must let me talk—only for a little while," he said, smiling feebly, "but I have that to tell you must let me say my say. It's this; I'm a rich man; had I lived I need no longer have begged, and borrowed, and swindled; I struck ile, and I'm rich, and you shall have all, every penny of it."

"I cannot take your money, George, Oh! no—no I cannot," and the thought of all her miserable sin swept through her. Should she tell him? He was dying. Was it good for him to know? Was it the right thing to tell him? Then a sudden impulse overpowered her, and with a sob in her voice she said, "I am a sinful woman, George. If you knew all, you'd hate me!"

"Tell me, don't be afraid."

In a broken voice she told him.

"Poor thing," he said, stroking her hand, and there was an infinite pity in his voice; "poor thing, you've had a hard time of it, but that's all over now."

"You forgive me, George?"

"Forgive you! my—my wife, it's all the other way—it's you to forgive. I was a bad husband, and—and I'm sorry for it. I'd have made you a happy woman had I lived. It all came too late—too late."

For a moment there was silence, then he roused again.

"The money's yours. I came by it honestly. Anderson, my mother's lawyer, you must go to him. He's got my will," said he feverishly. "It's yours—all yours, and you'll take it?"

"I'm a sinful woman," sobbed she, in a broken voice. "I—I have wronged you. Oh! forgive me."

"No, it's all my fault, but if I have anything to forgive, well, I forgive you, if—if you take the money, only that way, mind you. I worked and strove for it, and all for you, and now," continued he, striving to raise himself in the bed, "you would let me die knowing all my life's labour has been useless? I tell you I can't die happy, I can't. 'Tisn't much I ask of you. It won't cost you anything, only the knowing you've done something to give me a last touch of happiness."

"I'll take it, George."

"Promise," he said.

"I promise."

A feeble smile flitted across his face. She lifted his head on to her arm, moistened his lips, and wiped the damp dew on his forehead. He closed his eyes like a tired child, and seemed to dose, but in a minute he roused again.

"You forgive me, Marion—we'll both forgive—only you've done nothing, nothing, nothing, only me, you'll forgive."

"I do forgive, with all my heart," she sobbed, "and George, will you not ask God to forgive?"

A mournful eager look swept across his face, and as she bent her head to his he murmured brokenly, "God—forgive—me!"

And with these words on his lips, he died.

## CHAPTER VII.

THEN followed for Marion an illness of a brain overwrought, the heavy weight she had borne for days. Her strength waned with the delirium, present things and things of only a few days past, were, perhaps mercifully for her, never in her mind. She lived in the past, and this was full of the wrongs and terrors she had suffered. The tears were often in Susan's eyes and dropping on to the work in her lap; her heart bled for her mistress; if only her poor wandering senses would return, or her eyes look at her without their restlessness, as though searching for something they could not find in some unfathomable depths far away; if only she could be got to know that the worst was over. He was dead, God be with him, and with him had



"'PROMISE!' HE SAID. 'I PROMISE'"

gone misery and anguish which it made Susan tremble to think of. There must—there would be happiness yet, if only the master could be written to. In America? Yes, she knew that—but where? It was a big place, and people got lost there and never heard of again. Each day, as it slipped by, seemed to carry with it a little more of her mistress's happiness, and her own anxiety.

Dr. Abney was always cheerful: "She will pull through with God's help. She has been sorely tried." He spoke the latter words gravely, and Susan, startled and dismayed, looked at him with misgiving. He had never asked questions, but did he suspect, and what? and if he did, how would it all end?

Many days came and went, and Susan sickened with her impatience and fears—she had never seen any one so weak, and it terrified her.

But at last came a change. The eyes ceased their restless wandering, and looked with a soft, welcome recognition at her; the poor parched lips whispered scarcely audible words, but Susan heard and understood them.

"Only we two in the house, dear mistress," she answered. "No one—nothing else."

A faint flush swept over the sick woman's face, and she closed her eyes, and slept (after many days) as peacefully as a child.

Her recovery was slow but sure, and her weakness great; but youth battles bravely with death, and day by day strength and health came back, but they could not chase away the mournful look overshadowing her face; and Susan often cried herself to sleep, thinking of it and what she could do, or what could be done to comfort and bring once more smiles and happiness to her mistress.

She was a courageous woman, and full of firmness and will, and she determined to ask for leave for a day or so, and go to her old home, Marlow, which had also been Marion's, and find out what had become of the master. So, without a word of why she went, and least of all to her mistress, she started on her journey. But her eager yet cautious enquiries availed her nothing. Old Mrs. Maple had gone away a month ago, no one knew where, so her journey was useless; and, with a heavy heart, she returned home again, and urged upon Marion Dr. Abney's advice—change of air.

So they went to a quiet village by the seaside, and here Marion fulfilled her promise to her dead husband, claimed her riches, and tried to be content and wait for him who would—who must—come.

But days, weeks, passed. She trembled at every step that approached the house. Every ring at the bell sent the blood rushing to her face, but he came not.

Then a great longing came upon her to go home again. She had been foolish—stupid. Of course, he would go there, and he would not find her.

Her impatience was so great, she would not wait a day—an hour, and the evening found her once more at Rose Cottage.

But, alas! the days went by, and he gave no sign, and her heart grew sick and faint.

Every three months Susan went to London to cash the cheque. Marion dared not draw through the bank in the town near, as there she was only known as Mrs. Maple, and how could she sign the name of Griffith?

Susan had been gone since the early morning, and Marion strolled down the road, thinking she might return by the mid-day train. It came on to rain one of those heavy April showers, and Marion went under some trees for shelter. The ground all about was dry, but the road damp, and the approaching steps of a man were inaudible. He drew near—was passing—when she caught sight of him.

"Robert! Robert!" she cried, springing forward.

In a moment he was pressing her convulsively to him—as she flung her arms round his neck—and kissing her passionately again and again.

"Forgive me, Marion; forgive me. I could bear it no longer. I could not help coming. Look at me once—just once."

But her arms fell away from him, and as he laid her gently on the turf, he saw that she had fainted.

"I am a coward—a selfish brute to have come!" he exclaimed, raising her tenderly on to the bank beneath the trees, where the rain had not penetrated. "And I must leave her. I dare not stay; for, O God, she is no longer mine, and I dare not stay." And, with a long, lingering look, his heart torn with anguish, he went on his way.

But Marion's life was not to end thus. By one of those strange coincidences which sometimes happen—no one knows why or wherefore—Susan had missed her return train, and was sitting on the platform at the Victoria Station, awaiting with impatience the coming of the evening train. Many came and went during her weary waiting. She watched the passengers as they passed—some so hurried and breathless, they had scarcely time to take their seats ere they swept out of sight.

So many noises, so much shouting, bewildered her, and she got up and made her way towards the waiting room; but just then, with an unearthly scream and shrill whistle, a train steamed into the station, and she was soon jostled by the hurrying crowd. She was just edging her way out of the pushing mass of human beings, when suddenly, with a stifled cry, she rushed frantically into the midst of those passing the barrier.

He was there—the master! She had seen him! She must reach him!

With many angry words from those she pushed and struggled against, she gained the outlet. But now the man demanded her ticket. She thrust her return ticket into his hand.

"I will come back; indeed, I will," she said. "Oh, for the love of God, let me pass, master!"

And he let her pass. "I shall keep your ticket," he said.

But Susan heard nothing. She was hurrying swiftly onwards. Where—where was he?

She looked up and down frantically, and in another moment was across the road, and her hand on Robert's arm.

"Oh, master, master!" she cried, fighting with her failing breath.

home to Miss Marion. She wants you badly."

"That is impossible," he said sternly. "You—you must go back at once."

But Susan did not move. "You are hard on her, master," she faltered. "It wasn't her fault, poor soul; and she is just breaking her heart—all alone."



"OH, MASTER, MASTER!" SHE CRIED, FIGHTING WITH HER FAILING BREATH

In a moment he was filled with alarm, and he thought of the pale, death-like face he had last looked on. Could it have been death? His face blanched.

"What—what is it?" he asked hoarsely.

"Nothing, master—nothing." Oh, how difficult it was to say anything now she had found him! "Only come back

He started. "Where is he? that—that man?"

"Oh, master," sobbed Susan, completely overcome, "*He is dead.*"

A moment passed. Robert seemed as though he had not heard, and she repeated, "He is dead."

He led her into the waiting-room, happily untenanted, and then, with trembling lips, she told her story.

And that story? What a difference it made to two loving hearts!

With lightened heart Susan found the ticket collector, who was handsomely rewarded for his negligence of duty, and, with Robert's small pencilled note in her pocket—treasured

as though it was so much untold gold—went on her way to Rose Cottage.

A few days afterwards Marion and the faithful Susan journeyed to London, and once again Robert and Marion were married.



## ECHOES FROM OLD FRANCE.—II.

(RONSARD'S "CESSE TES PLEURS, MON LIVRE," ETC.)

Go, little book of mine, have thou no fear!  
 Though while on earth I tarry, men refuse  
 Thy just inheritance and glorious dues,  
 They will not, when I slumber on my bier.  
 Nay! when a thousand years wax yellow and sere,  
 Some lover of my poems, as he views  
 The little land I lived in once, will muse—  
 "That such a poet had his birthplace here!"

Take heart, then! for howe'er his merits shine,  
 No living man of men receives due praise;  
 Yet dying, they will hail him as divine.  
 For merits of the living only raise  
 Envy in others; at each ancient shrine  
 Posterity a willing homage pays.



MOUNT ST. MICHAEL

**F**OR the wearied worker in search of rest ; for the jaded Londoner in search of health ; for the artist seeking new beauties for his brush ; for the antiquarian seeking fresh fields for investigation ; for the botanist, the ornithologist, the geologist, for one and all in quest of a holiday resort or a summer retreat at once delightful, unsophisticated, comfortable, and withal inexpensive, what a field is ever open in the western coast of Cornwall, where capricious nature seems to have lavished, in one small area, charms she has denied to half the world. Here in a tempered climate, fanned by healthful breezes, flourish a hardy, thrifty, hospitable people, pursuing their daily avocations among scenes of wildest beauty and rocky grandeur, tilling the soil once trodden by ancient saints, whose quaint names linger in village and township, and earlier, in the dawn of history, by a race savage and mystic, whose relics even yet lie strewn in field and wood and moor.

Though various portions of the Cornish coast have each their peculiar attractions and their special admirers, still the palm for scenery, interest and variety will ever be generally accorded to the district of the Land's End ; and

PEEPS

AT

OLD

PENZANCE

ILLUSTRATED

BY

PHOTOGRAPHS

thus it follows that the focus and headquarters of the visitor and tourist will be in that most quaint and picturesque western town, Penzance.

And let not him who is in haste to explore the Land's End and the Lizard, to see St. Ives and the neighbouring towns, or to undertake that most futile excursion, a day's trip to the Scillies, imagine that in Penzance itself there is nothing to repay investigation. So surely as the tripper who spends a few short hours only in the Flowery Isles will return sea-sick and disappointed, so surely will he fail to see the interest and romance of the little capital if he bestows but half a day upon its exploration. But once take up your quarters in Penzance, and many hours will not have elapsed before its many attractions commence to dawn upon you.

To begin with, you have always St. Michael's Mount to look at, an inestimable privilege which the inhabitants value at its true worth. It is said that the first words a stranger is greeted with on arrival are a paraphrase of a famous advertisement, "Good morning ; have you seen the Mount yet ?" But indeed it is scarcely possible to escape seeing it. After studying various more or less highly-coloured representations of it on

the journey, you wake in the early dawn of the morning, as the night mail creeps over the last few miles of its long run, to see the fairy fortress looming grim and grey and mysterious above the silvery mist and oily sea. You watch it all day from your windows, now momentarily obscured in fleeting cloud, shadow, or driving shower, now standing out in such vivid distinctness that you can almost count each boulder on its rocky sides. Wherever you are within sight of it your eyes are irresistibly drawn towards it, until the curtain of night falls around it and hides it till the morn. Without it the bay would be commonplace enough, but its presence lends a character, an interest and a beauty all its own.

With such a weird, fantastic object to gaze upon, no wonder endless legends have been weaved around its history. Of course it was once the abode of a giant in those good old days when Cornwall was peopled by a race of men of about the size of church steeples, of mild and amiable disposition, and possessed of a harmless passion for making very bad shies with exceedingly large stones. All over the country their missiles or "quoits" lie yet, some with the marks of the giant fingers still upon them to testify to the truth of those piping times when Gogmagog lived at Plymouth, and Blunderbore at Launceston, and Bolster at St. Ives, who used to change his wife every year, getting rid of his old spouse by putting her out on St. Agnes' Head as a target for his stone-throwing practice, until he played the game once too often, and died, as he was bound to presently, by woman's wile.

The Mount in those days was the home of Giant Cormoran, who found its position useful for occasional games of "bob-buttons"—a superior kind of tiddly-winks—with a neighbouring giant of Tregrobben Head. The marks of the stones which went astray and knocked off pieces of the surrounding landscape, can still be pointed out, to the confusion of the unbeliever.

In later years the rock fortress became the enchanted palace of Milliton of Pengerswick, the great magician who kept a retinue of tame demons at his

beck and call, and whose silver table lies still beneath the waters of the bay. Strange are the legends of the Mount, yet stranger still the truth, which tells how this sea-girt cliff, an island for all but a few hours of the day, was once a hill in a forest of oak and hazel, six miles inshore, till one day, in the autumn of the year, a fearful storm arose which lashed the ocean to a frenzy, in which it burst its prison bars, and raging inland, turned in an hour a spreading forest into a wave-swept bay, under whose sands lie yet the massive roots and blackened branches of mighty trees, the nuts clinging still to the twigs that bore them in that October of long ago.

And as Giant Cormoran has left his mark on the eastern end of the bay, so has a greater than he left his on the western. Between Penzance and that most picturesque fishing townlet, Newlyn, lies Tolcarne, where a brawling little stream sparkles through a valley of surpassing greenness, and great, towering granite cliffs bound the road on either hand. One of these bears the name of the "Devil's Leap," and marks the spot where, 300 years ago, the Prince of Darkness attempted a mean trick, and was, as usual, foiled by the deeds of the righteous.

It happened in this way: 'Twas the time of pilchards, and the abundance of that glittering harvest and the sight of the laden boats that sought the harbour, almost sinking beneath their burdens of fish, induced Old Nick one day to start on a little private fishing expedition of his own, to which end he first possessed himself by stealth of all the nets of the Newlyn fishers, intending in this way to ruin their trade as well as to enrich himself. And without doubt he would have succeeded in his evil design had it not chanced that, as he passed Tolcarne, the choir of St. Peter's Church, which nestles beneath the rock, happened to be issuing from that place of worship, and caught him in the very act.

With a promptitude and presence of mind never to be sufficiently commended, these worthy men, grasping the situation, commenced forthwith to repeat in chorus such portions of Holy

Writ and the Church Services as occurred to their recollection, and this with such vehemence and volubility, that the foul fiend had no course left him, but, at the sacred words so abhorrent to him, to drop his nets and seek refuge in flight. And so pressed was he, and so well did the worthy choir perform their part, that he jumped clear across the valley on to the opposite brow, a fearful leap, indeed, leaving his hoof-mark deeply imbedded in the granite as a token of his headlong haste. More than this, if you climb the eastern rock by a winding, stony path you find at the summit, not only a glorious panorama spread around you, but on the stone at your feet a curious interlacing network of slender ridges, in which you will at once recognise the petrified relics of those identical nets which, as ill-gotten goods, wrought their thief so little good.

Not that the people of Newlyn escaped altogether scatheless; far from it. For as the victorious choir watched the retreating figure of the enemy, they heard him utter, in fearful tones, the awesome words "Bucka! BUCKA!! BUCKA!!!" in terrible crescendo. Whence, being gifted with much perception, they gathered that some calamity would shortly overtake them, which it accordingly did, for not long afterwards four Spanish galleys appeared in the bay, from which landed 200 bearded Spaniards, armed to the teeth. Then did the terrified inhabitants recall to mind, not only the dread word, but also an old, old prediction of that mighty enchanter, Merlin, which he uttered in days ere yet the sea rolled over the fair land of Lost Lyonesse, and which, being translated, reads:

Those shall land on the stone of Merlin

Who shall burn Paul, Penzance and Newlyn.

And seeing here the fulfilment of prophecy, they prudently resolved not to fight against the inevitable, and retired from an unequal contest until the Spaniards had actually achieved what was expected of them.

Newlyn is the fish market whence is obtained all the fish that forms the staple food of Penzance. The fishing-boats may be seen entering the harbour in the early hours of the morning, and

between nine and ten a procession of old women wend their way along the half-mile of road that separates the two places, bearing their silvery burdens for sale on their regular beats. Some ride in donkey-carts, but the majority trudge on foot, supporting their heavy baskets on their shoulders by means of a broad strap across the forehead, even as the women coolies of Darjeeling carry the luggage, so many thousands of miles away. Very picturesque are these old ladies in their short skirts and flat bonnets; but most striking of them all is the venerable Blanch Courtney, whose wrinkled face is framed in the frills of a white cap, who wears a red "turnover" across her bent shoulders, and the cleanest of aprons over the most abbreviated of petticoats. Eighty years of age is Blanch, but she can trudge her miles and carry her fish with the best of them; and proud is she of her photograph displayed for sale in the photographers' windows as a typical specimen of the far-famed Cornish Fishwife.



A CORNISH FISHWIFE

Poor old Blanch has some stiff hills to climb in the prosecution of her daily



business, for Penzance streets are narrow and steep, not to say break-neck, and the pavements are of the meagrest, except in the principal thoroughfares. The town abounds, too, in odd nooks and crooked alleys, side lanes and back slums; places with queer bulgey walls and tottering chimneys, marvellously complicated roofs, and minute windows stuck in impossible corners, which, from their antiquated appearance, might date back almost to those days when the first little colony of inhabitants gathered around the "Holy Head" (as Penzance interpreted signifies), so-called from a chapel that primarily stood there, appropriately dedicated to St. Anthony, the saint who preached the Gospel to the denizens of the deep, delicately commencing his discourses with "Dearly beloved fishes."

It is said to have been on the pier at Penzance that Sir Walter Raleigh lit the first pipe of tobacco smoked in England. This was a memorable feat and worthy of a monument to its honour, if it could be proved. The town has already one statue in the market-place to the most famous of many well-known men connected with it, Sir Humphry Davy, who first saw the light within a stone's throw of where he now stands at the top of the hill. Behind the market-house, built into the wall, is the ancient market-cross, which formerly stood out in the midst of the market-square, with from perhaps twenty to thirty pigs tied to it on market-day.

What a feature of the Cornish landscape these same old crosses are! What a romance they lend to roads otherwise prosaic enough, throwing a halo of antiquity and mystery over the dull hedgerow and the long hill, adding another interest to the crowded graveyard around the grey, weather-beaten church. I know not how many of these relics are to be discovered within walking distance of Penzance alone, but one of the most striking is the Latin cross at the roadside above Tolcarne, standing amid bushy brambles on a mound by the road side, from whence the view opens out in matchless panorama of green woods and fields, across the wide blue bay to the distant, grey outline of the Lizard, St. Michael's Mount standing out clear and

sun-bright, giving just that touch of glamour and romance to the whole that renders it unique and distinct from any similar view to be obtained in all England.

The road from here, if followed up towards Pendeen, soon lands the traveller in Fairy Land;—by which I do not mean that the country assumes any particular beauty, for in truth, except for a certain wild and desolate grandeur of its own, the barren boulder-strewn moor which stretches in wave-like undulations to the horizon, is dreary and depressing when there is no heather bloom to clothe it with purple mantle. Yet on this unprepossessing waste, as any Cornishman who has not had all his traditions over-educated out of him will tell you, the "little folk" held their own long ages after advancing prosaism, locomotives and board-schools had swept them from the rest of the country. In fact, there are many who firmly believe that they are still to be seen in this, their last, stronghold; and bold—possibly over-bold—is he who would cross the lonely moor alone after nightfall has settled down about its rocky hollows.

There the Pixies hold their midnight gambols, clad in gorse bloom and blue hair-bells, frolicking to the elfin music, whose enchanting melody will haunt the mortal, who has chanced to hear it, till his dying day. But there, also, fearful demons will meet in unholy revels. Infernal huntsmen, with whoop and cry, will chase across the heath lost souls, who shriek aloud in hopeless agony; while inland from Porthkernou may sweep the dread Death-ship, that awful shadowy vessel, square rigged, with black sails, that drives in from the ocean full against the fearful headland where the Logan rock stands, takes the beach without shock or sound, and glides inshore into the darkness, portending dreadful things to the luckless wight who, horror-stricken, catches sight of it.

Nor is the reason for all these legends far to seek. Strewn all over this weird heath are the relics of that savage ancient race, seen dimly through the mists of countless generations, standing on the borderland of history and tradition, known to us only by works, scarce human in their magnitude, of piled stones



A QUIANT CORNER

and heaped-up mounds. To the student of those early times the "Gump," north of St. Just, has as much interest as Salisbury Plain or the Marlborough Downs. Here are cairns, cromlechs, barrows, castles, druidic circles, holed stones, kistvaens, stone huts, what not, bestrewn with unrivalled profusion, and affording work for a lifetime's investigation, and excuse for a thousand queer legends to account for them, even among a people less imaginative and superstitious than the Cornish. One of the most famous and well-preserved of these relics is undoubtedly Lanyon Cromlech, a remarkably perfect specimen of its kind—a gigantic tripod of massive blocks, supporting a slab eighteen feet long and nine wide, at a height of five feet above the ground, and visible for a great distance. The famous "Men-an-tol," or holed stone, through which children are still dragged to cure them of pains in the back, stands within a short distance.

Returning thence to Penzance, the nearest way is through the pleasant village of Madron, really the mother parish of the town, whose churches are, as it were, only chapels-of-ease, built to

supply the needs of an outlying district. About three-quarters of a mile from the grey old church, across footpaths, over stiles, through gorse bushes and a very considerable bog, the visitor who is undaunted by the difficulties of the way and the seeming unlikeliness of the locality, will suddenly discover, where he least expects it, four low ruined stone walls, enclosing a shallow pool of mud and weeds, while in a recess in one corner is a running spring of clearest, sparkling water, enclosed in a breast-work of rude masonry. This is the Holy Well of St. Madron, with the ruins of the old baptistery that once enclosed it. The low altar-stone is still in place, and the step of the sacarium which raised it above the little nave, while round the walls runs a narrow stone seat for the worshippers. But all has been a ruin since the days of Cromwell's myrmidons, from whose iconoclastic rage even such a remote little sanctuary as the tiny chapel in the bog was not secure.

Curiously enough, for the last few years one of the chief Nonconformist bodies of the district has held services yearly in the ruin blessed by St. Madron so many generations gone; but to the general public the spot is famous as the Wishing Well, a trysting place for lovers, and a species of oracle for village girls, who, with bent pins and other mystic adjuncts, attempt to read their futures in the translucent waters.

But Holy Wells are as common in the neighbourhood as wayside crosses, and that of St. Madron is only one of scores in the district, to each of which is ascribed miraculous power to heal one or other of the ills that flesh is heir to. If the efficacy of only half these springs were what was claimed for it, or if the faith of the present generation were as strong as that of generations past, Penzance ought not to possess a single infirm person. Be that as it may, the fresh Atlantic breezes, sweeping off the ocean in health-giving gusts, pure and unbreathed for so many thousand miles, have in themselves a potency beyond that of all the wells put together, and add yet another charm, and this by far the greatest, to a favoured land.